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*This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.*

*The British standard of spelling is adopted, substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited to 1929.*

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## THE SKEENA RIVER

*The Skeena River is the locale of "An Indian Paradise Lost",  
by Marius Barbeau, in this issue.*

# Canadian Geographical Journal

## A QUEBEC SKETCH BOOK

*Text and Paintings by* ESTHER BRANN

MANY years ago, in the Golden Age of Discovery, when the New World was very new and the Indian village called Stadacona perched atop the wooded heights of Cape Diamond, Jacques Cartier, explorer, came to Canadian shores, zealously seeking that popular illusion of his day—a western route to Cathay. But instead of the minarets and temple spires of the Orient, he found crude bark cabins and smouldering camp-fires of an uncivilized people. In place of the fabulous wealth of India, here was a barbarous and unfriendly land. Seventy years passed before French mariners again anchored in the narrow channel of the St. Lawrence River—to find that the Indian village had long been swept out of existence. Only circling gulls and silent wilderness, and a wall of solid rock, remained to greet the strangers. But Champlain, the empire builder, foresaw a great fortress above the towering rock, a safe harbour for many ships in the wide bay, acres of waving grain in the quiet valley. And so, in the year 1608, the first clearing was made in the forest and the first rough shelter erected—and the first page of Quebec's history was written, indelibly, with the firm hand of the founder.

Soon came settlers from the mother country, to till the new soil, forerunners of the mighty stream of emigration from East to West. And then came adventurers and soldiers-of-fortune, in quest of the riches of an unknown land—and priests and nuns, to spread the Gospel amongst the savage tribes. Later came autocratic governors, with gorgeous retinue, to flavour the unseasoned country with a drop of splendour from the courts of France. Finally, the British, to question the ownership of a vast Dominion.

Explorer, settler, priest, governor and soldier—each has left his mark on some corner of Quebec. Electric lights have come to replace the dim street-lamps of early days, and the lamp-lighter with his ladder is a thing of the past. Bellmen and town-criers no longer announce the news of the day, at five shillings the notice, for newspapers have come to town. Trolley-cars may rattle by—the shrill whistle of the traffic policeman may sound importantly on the corner—but these signs of the times serve only to emphasize the narrow twisting streets, the curious old houses, the little French shops of butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker, the massive grey walls that wind protectingly about the armoured city.

The past refuses to be effaced; everywhere the old rubs elbows with the new. Of the ancient Château St. Louis, headquarters of Canada's Viceroys since the days of Champlain, there is little left. Only its crumbling foundations, and perhaps an historic ghost or two, can still be seen beneath the wood flooring of the Dufferin Terrace. Another Château now stands beside the ruin of the old—the Château Frontenac—turreted and spired, not just an hotel, but a castle of mediaeval France many times magnified to match the proportions of a landscape chiselled with broad and sweeping stroke.

As we saunter up and down the Terrace, with its unforgettable views of the River of Canada, the Ile d'Orleans, the Lévis shore, and the distant hills, our minds go back through the years and the centuries to scenes, packed with drama and romance and splendid achievement, that these witnessed. Here are the little ships of Cartier, at anchor in the St. Charles, while Donnacona and his warriors paddle about them with wonder-

ing eyes. Here is Champlain, born leader of men, putting down a mutiny among his followers in the infant town. And Frontenac setting forth to meet the Iroquois at Cataraqui; and, later, sending a contemptuous refusal to the demand of the New Englanders under Sir William Phipps that he surrender the fortress of Quebec. Here, again, is the Swedish naturalist Kalm listening eagerly to La Vérendrye's account of his explorations in the vast country beyond Lake Superior. And Montcalm repelling the British attack at Montmorency. Then Wolfe leading his men up the heights at the Foulon to the Plains of Abraham. Lévis' gallant and almost successful attempt to recover the lost fortunes of France. The last attempt, by the American general, Montgomery, to capture the now ancient fortress. And, less spectacular, but most significant of all, the meeting here of delegates from the scattered Colonies of British North America to settle the terms of Confederation.

From our table by the dining-room window, we look down on a small be-treed park, the Place d'Armes—to the casual eye, merely a convenient short-cut to the Château. Yet here, long ago, was no placid and orderly park. Instead, the smoke rose thick and black from the camp-fires of the Huron Indians who found shelter here under the protecting guns of the old Fort St. Louis, and safety from their pursuing foes, the Iroquois. Then later, at the peak of the French régime, came gay-uniformed officers and lovely ladies, to promenade the Square in the bright sunshine and scan the horizon for the first glimpse of a white-sailed ship carrying the latest news from France.

But the passing years have wrought many changes. To-day the Place d'Armes is only a pleasant little park bordered by a fringe of victorias and calèches, remnants of a motorless age when the horse and carriage still reigned supreme. The calèches are

quaint things—green, with orange-lined hood and but two wheels, which latter make up in size what they lack in numbers and have been painted white.

We hurry down to the street. The coachmen, seeming to scent a fare, beckon invitingly. We carefully study the assortment of vehicles, and finally pick out the calèche with the greenest paint, the whitest of wheels, and the sprightliest of horses, for we realize that while the calèche itself may be perfection, if the horse has not the spirit and energy of youth of what use is it?—for Quebec is a city of very high hills.

We climb, with difficulty, into the lofty seat, wondering how in the world a more weighty individual would ever be able to reach it. The driver clicks to the horse and off we go at a cheerful trot, down St. Louis Street, past buildings famous in the history of Quebec. The Kent House, oldest of all, was occupied in 1636 by the Governor-General of Canada, Chevalier d'Ailleboust, and later became the residence of the Duke of Kent—but now business has invaded the drawing-rooms of other days, and typewriters click behind storied walls.

At the corner of Garden Street, there's a tiny, brown house, with a sign above the door reading "Maison Montcalm". Dramatically our coachman points it out. Impressively, he announces that "it was here General Montcalm died". But, though the tale is interesting, it is quite without foundation, for that house stood farther on up the street and has been demolished long ago. Nevertheless, this little cottage must have a host of stories of its own, hidden away under its low sloping roof and behind staring windows set in walls more than two feet thick; and if it be not truly named the "Maison Montcalm", it can at least be called "Next-to-the-Oldest Building in Quebec", for there is an authentic record of its transfer, bearing the date 1674. . . A street of a thousand memories is this





St. Louis Street—memories of careless happy days when Indian and trapper, with packs full of the choicest of furs, hurried up the narrow trail to the old Fort St. Louis—memories of other unhappy days when Quebec was besieged by a circle of foes, and famine came to loyal householders—memories of the darkest of days when Montcalm's troops, in scattered confusion, brought dreary tidings of defeat to the anxiously awaiting populace. Of this stormy past there is no outward evidence; but these calm silent houses hide beneath stolid exteriors a knowledge of untold tales of heroism and knavery, devotion and cowardice. The ghosts of centuries peer down, curiously, as one passes by. In this square barrack-like building Madame de Péan, the Provincial Madame de la Pompadour, spun her web of intrigue. With the help of a willing accomplice, the Intendant Bigot, she squandered the King's revenues, cheated honest citizens, and brought ruin to Quebec. That graceful arch across the road, La Porte St. Louis, was once a tightly-sealed gate, heavily barricaded against the enemy without—opening at last to admit the sorrowful remnants of the French army, bearing with them a dying general.

The calèche turns aside into a grass-bordered drive-way leading up the hill to the Citadel. Our horse starts out bravely enough, with an encouraging burst of speed, but more steep grows the path, and more slowly moves the tired beast. A man is walking up the road beside us. He passes the calèche, easily, and without apparent effort. We pretend not to notice, but we are sadly disappointed in our fiery steed.

Soon we come to the Chain Gate, guarded by two small very harmless cannon, and enter the ditches encircling the heart of the Citadel and leading to the Dalhousie Gate. Here an unending succession of sentries pace to and fro, as generations of sentries

have done before them, ever since (as the cornerstone says) "the Most Excellent and Most Illustrious Lord, Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac, in the year of Grace, 1693, constructed this Citadel, with the Fortifications therewith connected, for the Defence of the Country and the Safety of the People".

The Citadel was not called upon to fulfil its pledge until the siege of 1759, when its powerful guns poured forth such an overwhelming rain of shot on the British ships that all Wolfe's well-laid plans for reducing the fortress were of no avail. But its brave resistance became useless after the disastrous Battle of the Plains left Quebec with neither food for its citizens nor army for its defence, and this Citadel which could not be stormed, was of necessity forced to raise the white flag.

So the garrison changed hands. Soon, however, the tables were turned, and the French besieged the British, and in a hopeless effort to win back New France dug trenches under fire of their former batteries. Then, one day, a squadron of ships flying the British flag came up the stream. The French recognized the futility of their attempt, and the army disbanded. Having fought to gain Quebec, the conquerors must fight to retain it. Another blockade, lasting six months, sealed the port in 1775, when the Continental troops carried their quarrel with King George into Canadian territory and waged unsuccessful war against the doughty Citadel.

Now there's an impression of mighty strength about this ancient fortress—black cannon, in formidable array, guarding every approach by land and sea—high frowning ramparts to dishearten the invader—tunnels, intricate

and entangled, reaching far beneath the surface. Time was when millions in gold were freely spent to raise the walls ever higher, and to bring newer and heavier guns to gaze threateningly over the land; when enemies fled as the can-





**T**HE Château Frontenac, standing on the site of the ancient Château St. Louis, is like a castle of mediaeval France magnified to meet the proportions of its setting. In front is that famous boardwalk, Dufferin Terrace.



**T**HE Dalhousie Gate to the Citadel. Begun in 1693 by Governor Frontenac, the Citadel was—until the days of modern artillery—practically impregnable.

non barked, and men believed the lofty stronghold impregnable as the rock on which it stands. But these black cannon and steep-sided walls are mere gestures today. Modern warfare scorns such simple devices. So now grass waves cheerily in chink and crevice. Bats whirr, unmolested, through unused tunnels, while the British flag, supplanting the fleur-de-lis, floats serenely over the parapets, and the veteran of many sieges, basking in the sunshine of past glories, settles down to an old age of peace and quiet. . . .

We cross the parade-ground, busy with scurrying khaki-clad soldiers, and come out on the King's Bastion—top o' the world. In the summer of 1535, Cartier's Indian guides brought him to this very spot to display with pride of ownership the boundless extent of their hunting-grounds—mountains, valleys and streams spread before them in the bright sunlight. Today the mountains are as densely wooded, and the streams as clear and sparkling, as in the days when the Indian roamed the forest and speared fish in the river waters.

Before us the cliff drops away sharply to the shore, over three hundred feet below, where the St. Lawrence glides swiftly by, swirling round the Isle of Orleans or Bacchus (however one may wish to call it), following the uncertain line of the Côte de Beaupré, past white villages growing smaller and ever smaller till they are lost in the misty distance. Ships of all sorts dot the broad river—haughty steamers on their way to the ocean, humble ferries making the daily round of trips between Quebec and Levis, fully a mile away, the atlas says, on the opposite shore, though one can hardly believe it. We feel like enormous Gullivers spying on the town of Lilliput. Those are surely toy houses in a toy-town, crowding together up the steep hillside, with church-spires and tall trees dwarfed by distance, and a tiny railroad, with locomotives puffing, along the water's edge, all as

clearly visible as though they were scarcely a block away. For in Quebec the air is of the rarest and distance is of no account.

From this height, Quebec is a city of roofs. Roofs sagging and weather-stained lean tiredly against roofs new and glossy, while all about bright patches of autumn trees sway with equal grace above both old and new. From a million chimneys, thin spirals of smoke rise on the quiet breeze. There is only one building in town that reaches the eye-level, and perhaps over-reaches it a trifle—the Château, stately in the midst of the little grey houses that cluster at its base like a bit of Old France transplanted to the New World. Winds from the four corners of the earth blow against its walls, softening colours to a delightful harmony of tone. The sun circles round it, uninterrupted, shining in at thousands of windows on its way.

A church-bell tinkles far away, breaking the silence. Another sounds nearby, and soon every church-bell in the world seems to have joined the chorus. There's a sudden deep crash from the Citadel, and now the silence has fled completely, for the echo repeats the sound with amazing insistence, and a whole colony of swallows appears to rise magically from the ground. And then great excitement! Bells toll, the echo rumbles back and forth, and the swallows twitter protestingly at the disturbance, just as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers have twittered before them, ever since the first salute was fired from the Citadel, centuries ago. . . .

We find our way back to the Gate and the calèche, and go on with our journey, down-hill and up-hill and all about the town, following as best we can the uneven line of the ramparts. Of the ancient French gates that once led the way through the walls to the open country nothing now remains, and those built by the British conquerors of New France have long



since been torn down. But two memorial gates have been erected on the sites of the oldest landmarks—the St. Louis and St. John Gates—and a new opening has been made through the wall at the junction of Dauphin and d'Auteuil Streets. Here now stands the most picturesque of them all—the Kent Gate, built in 1879, when Her Majesty Queen Victoria subscribed a thousand pounds to the cost of its erection, stipulating that it be named in honour of her father, the Duke of Kent, who spent three pleasant years of his youth in Quebec as a Colonel of the 7th Fusiliers.

Between the Kent Gate and the St. Louis Gate stretches a lengthy park bordered with tall poplar trees—the Esplanade these days, although in earlier times the cattle of the Ursuline nuns considered its grassy slope an ideal pasture-ground, and nuns came down the narrow lane, as evening shadows fell, to drive their charges homeward. Until one later day when red-coated soldiers came to parade the pasture and the cows, perforce, were turned loose elsewhere.

Soon we come to an avenue of closely - shuttered, one - storied houses. The calèche is so high, and the houses so low, that we can almost touch the roofs as we pass by. And then down the steep cobblestone road to Lower Town, where few changes have been made in the character of the buildings and where French is the only language spoken or understood. Even the names of the streets are documents of the early history of Quebec when the Church reigned supreme. Almost as a matter of course nine of every ten streets were named after the saints, so that one drives from St. Paul Street into St. Peter Street, and from St. Peter Street into St. James Street, and so on. Nine of every ten may bear saintly names, but the tenth is apt to be much more original, such as Sault-au-Matelot Street—Sailor's Leap—at the base of the cliff, a perpetual reminder of that remarkable

sailor who successfully navigated the distance from the top of the precipice to the bottom, without breaking a bone—a feat no sober man could ever have accomplished.

Then Sous-le-Cap Street, where the crooked houses, in great friendliness, have crossed the crooked street on little bridges to say "hello" to their friends on the other side, where the week's washing is hung on lines stretching across the alley, and where certain lucky ones who use the bridges as "front porches" can see everything that goes on, both up and down the street. And at last, up winding Mountain Hill to Journey's End, the Château...

The offspring of the Church, the Seminary and the Convent, were established in Quebec soon after the arrival of the earliest Jesuit missionary. The first Seminary, founded in 1637, in anticipation of the expected eagerness of the Indian to receive an education, met with a cool reception. The savage came to school only after the most skilful coaxing, yet no coaxing seemed skilful enough to make him stay long, when the woods outside the door whispered of more fascinating things to discover. But the Jesuits were not easily discouraged. It was necessary for the future of New France that the soul, as well as the allegiance of the savage, be saved, so the good fathers toiled patiently though unsuccessfully with their reluctant scholars.

It was François-Xavier de Laval, first Bishop of Canada, guiding-spirit of the churchly ship of state for nearly forty years, who devoted his energies to founding the Seminary that has endured to this day, an everlasting monument to its eccentric founder. To-day, a gate of grilled iron beside the Basilica leads one to the school buildings, to a quadrangle about the inner court which is graced by a single tree, an elm planted by the former King Edward VII on his visit to Quebec in 1860. A strange mixture of past and







**P**ART of the "great game of chess" between France and Britain for domination of the world was played out in Quebec. It reached culmination in 1759, when the decisive battle of the Heights of Abraham gave Canada to Britain. On the site of the battle a monument commemorates General Wolfe.



**A**QUAINT old house on St. Louis Street, said to have been Montcalm's headquarters.

present is this Seminary. Black-robed priests pass to and fro, students in green-sashed uniforms hurry by, figures of the seventeenth century in a twentieth century world—while chapel bells ring out constantly, in musical benediction over the Bishop's remains in the vault below.

We follow the guide through long high-arched corridors, where the light falls dim and subdued, past lecture hall and class room, pausing a little, while our guide locks and unlocks doors with careful precision, and explains everything in French entirely too fast for our understanding. Until we cross the threshold of the Seminary and find ourselves in Laval University, and then upstairs, downstairs and all through this well-stocked storehouse for future citizens. There's the Grand Salon, where many important personages have held receptions, the Picture Gallery, pride of the University, containing many original paintings by the great masters, the Library, largest in Canada, and the Museums, displaying stuffed creatures of the earth, sea, and air. Surely the First Bishop would be pleased if he could see how the Séminaire has grown, from a class of eight French boys and a few Indians to its present stately structure, where so many thousands of boys have studied—if he could know that the quaint old customs he loved so well are in use to this day in one of the leading colleges in America.

Until "C'est tout", says the guide, unlocking the last of the doors. The visit is over. We come out on the Grand Battery, a great distance from the iron gate and the Chapel bells, and the green-sashed students of the Séminaire de Quebec. . . .

The holy sisters were not long in following the Jesuit fathers to these shores. In 1637, Father Le Jeune's "Relations des Jésuites" were sent to France, carrying the tale of their vast wilderness parish and pleading that some charitable lady undertake the task of

founding a convent in the New World for the teaching of little Indian girls. The response was all they had hoped for. Thirteen nuns in one convent vowed to devote their lives to the distant mission. Madame de la Peltrie offered the use of her wealth to endow a new home for the Old World Order of the Ursulines, and the Duchess d'Aiguillon, niece of Cardinal Richelieu, determined to establish a Hôtel-Dieu in the strange land. Two years later a leaky ship reached the port of Quebec, bearing the first nuns to venture across stormy seas—Madame de la Peltrie, with three chosen Ursulines and three nuns of the Hospital. Then there was great rejoicing in the colony, and from the fortress guns boomed loudly in welcome.

A tiny convent, built in the woods not far from the Fort St. Louis, was their first home. Here they began their new life of service, under the wise direction of the Superior, Marie de l'Incarnation, "the holy widow"—no longer sheltered within quiet cloisters, but sharing the misfortunes, as well as the good fortunes, of the settlement. Just as the early history of Quebec is one of constant struggle against all the ills that beset mankind, so the history of the Ursulines is the reflection of that struggle. Pestilence came, and famine, and the Indian war—whoop sounded ever menacingly outside the walls. Yet the good sisters were happy, and thrived on their scanty diet of bacon and salt fish, and one of them writes of Quebec as a "terrestrial Paradise". When the guns of Phipps bombarded the town, twenty-six cannon-balls fell, unexploded, into the convent garden—an unwelcome gift, promptly returned from the mouths of Frontenac's cannon. During the siege of 1759, Wolfe's gunners

aimed more accurately, reducing Lower Town to a heap of ashes and shattering the convent walls, so that the nuns were forced to flee to safer ground, where they tended the sick and wounded. And once again, when Quebec was besieged for the



fifth time, chapel bells were silenced by the din of cannon, and nuns forsook their cloisters to attend the needs of laymen.

Then came years of peace under the British flag. The Ursulines closed the doors of their cloisters on the outer world. To-day they spend useful lives in teaching, not Indian girls, for the Indian has withdrawn forever from the city of Quebec, but the descendants of the first young Canadian girls to attend the convent school.

We turn from St. Louis Street into Parloir Street, and thence to the quiet group of convent buildings at its end. The modest clearing in the forest has grown to much larger proportions. The grounds now cover seven acres, while the frail wood buildings have been replaced by impressive structures of brick and stone, mute testimonials of the wealth and power of the Ursulines.

Inside the vestibule all is silent and empty. Soon a voice is heard, issuing forth from a curious grating in the wall as though it has been captured and imprisoned there. "The nuns are cloistered", says the voice, "and no visitor is permitted to enter here, but the Chapel is open to everyone". So, obedient to the voice, we set out to see the Chapel.

The Chapel's claims to distinction are many and gruesome. They include the skull of one of St. Ursula's companions, the skull of St. Justus, and (odd company for these saints) the skull of the Marquis de Montcalm, who was carried here after his death. His tomb was a deep niche in the convent wall, where a bursting shell had torn away the rock and mortar to prepare a fitting grave for a gallant general. Here, too, is a piece of the Holy Cross, and a fragment of the Crown of Thorns, and the body of St. Clement, brought from the Catacombs of Rome—all highly valued by their pious guardians, all weird and ghostly in the dimness. The votive lamp before the altar has been kept burning since 1717,

through fire, cannonade and siege, and will probably still be burning when many more centuries have rolled by.

If the nuns are cloistered and may not be seen, they can at least be heard, for behind that latticed opening, at the right of the altar, the sisters attend divine service and chant their hymns in a world all their own, apart from the congregation in the Chapel.

Since 1615, when the first Mass was celebrated in the bare wooden chapel of the Recollet friars, the Church has played an important part in the history of Quebec. Wherever one goes, one hears the kindly toll of church-bells; wherever one looks, a church-spire rises benignantly above the housetops. For in this city of less than a hundred and twenty thousand souls there are forty-two churches—churches modest and retiring, on out-of-the-way streets, churches new and imposing, of wealthier parishes, and all of them well worth visiting.

It's quite a long walk, by way of Mountain Hill, from the Château to Lower Town, so we choose the easier way—the "ascenseur" that scales the cliff down which the renowned sailor tumbled long ago. We pay ten cents to the very French cashier, and enter the box-like elevator. A bell clangs, the cable hums, the car slides downward breathlessly, and we find ourselves in Little Champlain Street. Round the corner is the church we have come to see—Notre-Dame-des-Victoires—erected in 1688 by the thankful citizens, after the besieging fleet of Sir William Phipps had been forced to retreat. Until then the name was Notre-Dame-de-la-Victoire; but when the colony was saved once more from threatened invasion La Victoire became Les Victoires. Bells pealed the good

news joyously, and the good people gathered in the market square, from far and near, to celebrate the happy event. Now the square is deserted, and the church hides in the shadow of the cliff; but the bells overhead peal forth,





**T**HE Kent Gate, erected in 1879 and named after Queen Victoria's father. Two other memorial gates, St. Louis and St. John, have been erected on the sites of the now-obliterated landmarks of this old walled city.





**T**HE *Séminaire de Québec*, founded in the seventeenth century by Laval, the first Bishop of Canada. Today it is one of the most renowned institutions of learning of this Continent.

joyously as ever, still celebrating "Les Victoires".

If Notre-Dame-des-Victoires is the most modest of churches, certainly the Basilica de Notre-Dame is the most imposing. Yet it will never quite take the place of the old Basilica which graced the spot from the time of its consecration by Monseigneur de Laval, in 1666, it was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The new Basilica, a beautifully designed replica of the old, seems strangely unfamiliar in this city where almost every building has at least a hundred years to its credit.

From Citadel Hill one can see nearly all the forty-two church-spires. Nearby is the tallest, the most slender and pointed spire of all, topped with a cross in place of the gilded chanceler that adorns so many old chapels of the Province—even higher than the highest poplars that grow beside it. The roof below is faded and green, appearing more subdued in contrast with the gayest of autumn's trees flaunting their most brilliant colours this Indian Summer day. The ivy, too, along the low wall, not to be outdone in this matter of colour, has turned russet, russet of the deepest dye. And so this church, while it is neither the oldest, nor the newest, nor the most historic, is surely one of the most delightful in the city. It is the Chalmers Church, on St. Ursule Street.

High above the river, on the outskirts of the city, are the Plains of Abraham, named after one Abraham Martin, first King's pilot on the St. Lawrence, who forsook the life of a sailor to till these fertile lands. But the Plains of Abraham have other claims to distinction. The story is told in every history-book of the tragic ending of the Empire of New France. What seems, in the history-book, merely a dramatic chapter of the dimly distant past becomes very real when one visits the theatre where the drama was unfolded. The characters have disappeared forever, but the stage-

settings still remain. The first act took place in Europe, in the year 1756. The smouldering embers of jealousy and intrigue once more burst into flame; war was declared between Britain and France, both governments deciding that the colonists must settle at last the age-old question of whether British flag or French flag was to reign supreme in the New World. To the Marquis de Montcalm was entrusted the delicate task of keeping intact the French possessions, while to General Wolfe was assigned the duty of wresting these possessions from the French and keeping them safe for Britain. So both commanders, mustering the largest forces they could at Quebec, prepared to destroy each other.

The second act is one of repeated futile attacks by Wolfe's men against a stronghold so mightily inaccessible that it seemed impossible it would ever be taken (for the giant fortress was then at the height of its glory) and of wearisome waiting on the part of the beleaguered citizens. For it seemed that so long as Wolfe tried to take the city by direct assault, just so long would the astute Montcalm remain securely entrenched behind the Citadel guns.

The final scene was enacted here on the Heights of Abraham, after the impossible had happened, and the invaders had clambered up the face of the cliff under cover of night, forcing Montcalm out into the open to certain disaster. Then was the quiet countryside sadly disturbed by the dull roar of cannon and the shattering fire of musketry. The scarlet line of British troops swept before it the white-clad ranks of the French, and the vast Empire of the New France was won and lost in one decisive battle—settled with equal justice by the Fates in the deaths of both commanders, so that the winner might pay for his victory with his life, and the loser be spared the humiliation of defeat. Quiet has come again to the Plains of Abraham. A por-



tion of the land has been set aside in commemoration of the victors and the vanquished, and today a well-kept park hides beneath smooth lawns and graceful trees the secrets of a war-stained past. The sole evidence of wars and battles, in all this lovely landscape, is a slender shaft crowned with a sword and helmet, erected in honour of the victorious General Wolfe, over the very spot on which he died that September day in 1759.

The city of Quebec has been touched with the finger-tips of modernism, but all through the surrounding countryside are tiny hamlets, nestling under sheltering cliffs or coming boldly forth to the river bank, which seem unaware that the hour-glass has recorded time in many decades since the first foundation-stone was laid. Here the "habitant" cultivates the land his forefathers cultivated before him, and raises crops, tends cows and chickens as contentedly, and lives his life as placidly, as the Canadian of the first generation. His good wife, if she can be equally old-fashioned, will spin yarn and weave homespun just as though there have never been invented ways of spinning yarn and weaving homespun in faster and less laborious manner. The children, in little aprons and jaunty red stockings, jabber away in French just as though they had never, in school, been taught to speak English. French they are, and French they will always be. And on Sunday the whole family sallies forth to the church that has seen generations of "habitants" come and go—father and mother, all spick and span, leading the way—the girls shy and pig-tailed, even in this bob-haired day—the smallest boys trailing after, wearing the largest of bow-ties made of the stiffest and whitest of muslins.

Eight miles to the west of Quebec is Cap Rouge, a village starting cautiously near the shore, then scattering in cheerful confusion up the steep side of the precipice. Green house and pink house

stand side by side, and those that are neither green nor pink are yellow or orange, for here one paints only the gayest of colours on one's home, so that each little house looks forth brightly from its

high perch. Cap Rouge is the most peaceful of villages that ever boasted an historic past. The dark precipice frowned down on the first attempt to colonize the New World, when in 1541 Jacques Cartier established a settlement here, called Charlesburg-Royal, destined to be neither very important nor long-lived. For the Sieur de Roberval, first Viceroy to Canada, who was to follow him with supplies, failed to arrive before the next spring, and Cartier had already set sail for France. Roberval continued onward to the deserted post. Charlesburg-Royal was to exist yet another dreary winter. But it was not time for the colonization of Cap Rouge, and when the spring sunshine drove the ice barrier from the river, Roberval was only too glad to return to more comfortable shores. A crumbling wall is all that remains of this premature ill-fated attempt.

For many years no white men set foot on Canadian soil. The precipice once more guarded, undisturbed, the savage quiet, until the network of settlements had spread out from the centre of civilization, Quebec, bringing the "habitant" to Cap Rouge, to combat the wilderness and defy the hostile Indian. So the colony grew very slowly, but just as surely.

The great game of chess, with Canada the prize, now started, and from the bastions of the fortress at Quebec guns boomed forth their defiance of the British ships that sailed restlessly up and down the river, seeking a vulnerable spot in the armoured shore and finally dropping anchor at Cap Rouge. The British bombarded Quebec from Pointe Lévis, but were completely held at bay by Montcalm's forces at Beauport; and it was not until after three months of this ineffectual siege that Wolfe conceived his daring





**C**HALMERS CHURCH, on St. Ursule Street, is neither the oldest, the biggest, nor the most historic of Quebec's forty-two churches; but architecturally it is one of the most graceful.



**T**HE *Salon de Verchères*, in the *Château Frontenac*, takes its name from one of the most celebrated of Canadian heroines, *Madeleine de Verchères*.



plan of attacking the Citadel from the eastern and practically unprotected side. Of the incidents of that September night—the voyage upstream by boat under cover of dark, the scramble up the steep cliffs near Sillery, the surprise of the French, and the battle next morning—the pages of history relate.

French territory, or British, it matters little now to the villagers how the battle turned. Soldiers became farmers once more. Warships hovered no longer near the coast, and in Cap Rouge all was peace.

The late afternoon shadows lengthen across the road. Around the bend comes a curious group, a dog-cart driven by a very proud youngster who urges along the shaggy steed with many unnecessary shouts—for those huge cans of milk in the wagon must be delivered before dusk. Cap Rouge may be British territory, but its "habitants" lead French lives, and the little milkman still shouts to the dog, "Allons, marche donc!" . . . . .

It is pleasant, after a day in the open air, to return to the Château in time for tea, served in the quiet charm of the Salon de Verchères, a beautifully-designed room at the head of the main staircase. We are much mystified at first by the soft light (from an unknown source) which throws a tranquil yellow glow on the arched ceiling until we discover that the urns of wrought iron on marble pedestals, though they seem to be burning incense, are really doing nothing of the sort—that they are, instead, hidden lights. The rising film of smoke is not incense, but cigarette smoke, visible only where it circles above the light.

The Salon de Verchères has been so named in honour of Mlle Madeleine de Verchères, heroine of an exploit no less romantic. It was in the unhappy year of 1692 that the Iroquois roamed the forest in marauding bands, attacking isolated settlements and causing such misery that many colonists fled to the

fortified towns, leaving farms deserted, while only a few of the braver remained to reap their harvests as best they might, in constant fear of the ruthless enemy.

Madeleine, then in her fourteenth year, and two younger brothers had been left in charge of the Seigneurie de Verchères, with its garrison of two soldiers and one old servant, when the Indians swooped down on them like vultures. Life on the frontier was a good school. Madeleine made no willing victim, but an able general. Assembling her small army of six persons, she assigned bastions to each one; and all day long, with a soldier's cap on her head and a gun in hand, the girl darted back and forth, firing from every loop-hole so that as she afterward wrote, "One would have thought the place full of soldiers."

So the day passed and darkness came, bringing the danger closer, for it seemed certain that the Iroquois would scale the palisade during the night. Madeleine, with her brothers and the servant remained on guard at the fort, exposed to the fire from without, and the soldiers were sent to the block-house with the women and children. All that stormy night, assuring cries of "All's well" were kept up between defenders of the fort and defenders of the block-house—and always a bullet greeted a too-venturesome savage so that none dared climb the wall. With the morning, the worst danger was over; but for "twice twenty-four hours" Madeleine neither ate nor slept, and during the week that followed never relaxed her vigilance, until finally a detachment of soldiers came to their assistance and the last Iroquois melted away in the shadow. "Je vous rends les armes", she said to the arriving officer. Soon after, the tribes of the Five

Nations were persuaded to smoke the pipe of peace and bury the hatchet, insofar as the French colonists were concerned, and so the war-whoop nevermore sounded fearsomely about the Seigneurie, and Madeleine could lay



aside her arms in all safety. . . . An electric train, consisting of one single car that runs close to the water's edge, connects Quebec with the little villages along the shore of the St. Lawrence. It is patronized almost entirely by French-Canadians, and when one decides to visit the shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, there is no route more interesting than this. Especially is this so on a Sunday, when the car is crowded with visitors to the famous shrine—with soutaned priests and silent nuns—with hunters, armed to the teeth, out after partridge and snipe—with whole families, proudly bringing the newest baby, in its best clothes, to be blessed and baptized at their favourite church. Every few minutes the car stops at a box-like station, and more passengers are taken on, either friends or relatives of those across the isle; and then everybody talks at once, in rapid and unceasing French!

We pass by farm after farm, and miles of zigzagging wooden fences, which more or less successfully separate the brown-and-white spotted cows of Farmer Jean from the black cows with white spots belonging to Farmer Jacques. The train stops for a brief rest at Rivière aux Chiens, perhaps to give us time to admire an unusually delightful farm, set far back amidst sheltering trees, against a background of the Laurentian mountains. Then on again, hastening faster and faster, eager as the passengers it carries to arrive at the real objective of the journey, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, until at last—"L'Eglise de Ste. Anne," calls the guard, and there we are.

All the life of the town is wrapped up in its shrine to the good Ste. Anne. All the village seems to be a sanctuary, and all the villagers either priests or nuns. An old tale has oft been told of the origin of the first shrine—of the Breton sailors who navigated the waters of the St. Lawrence, and of how, when a storm arose and

threatened their little craft with destruction, they made a sacred vow to erect a sanctuary to Ste. Anne, should they have the good fortune to reach land safely. Their prayer was granted, and in fulfil-

ment of their vow a small chapel was erected in her honour. So runs the story, but no stick or stone remains as proof. The chapel of 1676 lives on in the Memorial Church now occupying the original site, for it has been reconstructed of the same materials, with the same furniture and religious ornaments that were used in the ancient structure.

Until 1922, there was a Basilica at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, gracefully receiving the thousands who came to kneel before her altars, and graciously hearing their prayers, so that the blind were made to see, and the crippled to walk. Many pairs of eyeglasses were discarded, many crutches were cast aside, many ills were cured at this shrine. Then came a disastrous fire which destroyed the historic landmark, in the unfortunate year that brought the destruction of her sister Basilica at Quebec. Luckily, the priceless collections of relics and treasures were saved from the ruin, and to-day they are housed in the new Basilica.

A steady stream of pilgrims pours into Ste. Anne's day after day, ebbing and flowing in a wave of devotion, leaving behind a host of prayers for the ears of the good saint—each one a special bid for her attention. The never-tiring crowd circles from altar to altar, in faithful piety, first visiting the Shrine, then the Memorial Church—and then the Scala Sancta, which contains the flight of steps the worshipper will mount on knees, and where young and old, rich and poor, kneel in perfect equality. And then one must see

the Cyclorama of the Holy Land—that markable painting of the Crucifixion, 360 feet long, that seems to bring all Jerusalem before one's eyes. And, of course, the Musée Royal, where wax-work images perform miracles with





**T**HE Old Mill at Château Richer—one of the oldest buildings in Canada, and a favourite resort of Bishop Laval.



**"LE PECHEUR A LA NIGOGUE"**—  
one of the bronze statues outside the  
Parliament Buildings. It depicts a  
Huron Indian holding the "nigogue" in  
readiness to spear a salmon.

marvellous ease, while the Marquis de Montcalm expires, unaided, a few feet away. But now it grows late. The tide of devotees begins to turn. There's a last murmured prayer before the spring of miraculous waters, a last goodbye to this Holy City of the West, a hasty summons to scattered members of families, and an orderly retreat toward the line of cars, waiting patiently to return weary pilgrims to their own parishes. . . .

The car-line is an excellent means of scraping an acquaintance with the villages that border the Côte de Beaupré. Each town lies close beside the tracks, spread out for one's inspection, from the smallest farmhouse by the river's side to the tallest church spire on the hilltop. One can leisurely pick out the most interesting spots, like high-lights, in the passing landscape, and perhaps come back to visit them another day. Montmorency Falls is one of the brightest high-lights of all. It is called "La Vache" by the habitants, because of the milky whiteness of its spray, and seems to boil over like a kettle of milk left too long on the fire, spilling down the precipice, hissing and roaring, to the river below, where great logs are tossed about lightly as match-sticks. The long low house, perching on the brink of the falls, was once the country home of the Duke of Kent; but now one may have tea on its broad verandahs, and listen to the song the waters sing.

Beyond Montmorency the towns grow smaller and farther apart, linked together by a winding road dotted with wayside Calvaires and occasional outdoor ovens of clay. On all these fertile farmlands, there was hardly a blade of grass left standing after Wolfe's army swept by, destroying crops and burning villages, so that the pinch of famine came to besieged Quebec. But there is no devastation now. These are prosperous farms to-day.

On the boundary-line between L'Ange Gardien and Château-Richer is one of the oldest buildings in the province—a mill to which Monseigneur de Laval was wont to retire to find relief from the cares of office in humble surroundings. Here the habitant would come to grind his flour, to receive the blessing, and to deliver his seigniorial dues, for the Bishop

was feudal lord of the wealthiest seigneurie in New France, and more than one-fourth the population of seventeenth-century Canada resided on his lands. Yet in spite of these vast domains, in spite of the wealth that poured into his coffers, he lived frugally and almost in poverty, so that the revenues might be used to establish his Séminaire de Québec. Laval was a thoughtful Seigneur, considerate of the earthly as well as the spiritual needs of his people. At his death, this mill was left to the parish, with one stipulation—that it be kept in perpetual operation for the benefit of farmers.

But the best-built mills are not eternal. A few years ago the old wheels stopped grinding, worn-out after centuries of service, and now the farmers must grind their flour elsewhere. The mill seems very well preserved. A thin coat of plaster has been laid over the crumbling stones to protect against wind and storm, and it is only where this deceitfully-smooth surface has worn off that one can see the true age beneath. A mill-race comes tumbling down by its side, under the bridge and over the rocky bottom of the stream, just as gaily and noisily as in the days when the good Bishop stood there to watch it rush onward to the river below. . . .

Our stay at the Château was to last just three weeks, but at the end of that time we find much of Quebec still undiscovered. So we linger on through clear October days into a gracious November, early morning frosts that silver the ground, when many tales are told of sleigh-rides over frozen roads, of snowshoe parties, of ski-jumps and toboggan-slides. Red and gold leaves rustle down from the trees, until only one or two are left clinging desperately to their airy perch. The mountains begin to change colour. The warm cloak of Autumn is flung aside, and the mountains grow blue with cold, but a kindly sun drives the chill from the air and tempers the wind to a pleasant mildness.

The Summer visitors have flown away to the South, and the crowds of Winter sportsmen have not yet arrived. This is the season when Quebec entertains old friends and when one may see the city as the towns-people see it—a city very old, very French, very charming.



Our visits to nearby villages have branched out, fanwise, from our starting-point, the Château, and everywhere we have found fragments of an historic past. Each tiny hamlet harbours a secret list of the attainments of its founders. The key is usually a monument, a ruin, or perchance a tablet on an ancient wall, while some of the oldest buildings bear no label at all. One November day, a trolley-car takes us through the suburbs of Quebec to the town of Sillery, where a certain historic Jesuit Mission hides in an obscure corner of the coast. At the end of the line we are fortunate in engaging a taxi-driver who seems to know just how to find it—naturally enough, for did he not, himself, live in that house for many, many years? So, after a short drive down the sloping hillside, we come to Sillery Cove and the Mission. The building is in sad need of repair; the windows are boarded up, its thick stone walls are encased in a wood sheathing, and it stands lonesome and as deserted as the leafless trees before the door. But the chauffeur-guide says that it was not always so, that when the light came through the windows and a fire burned on the wide hearth it was a cosy home indeed. And that soon the Mission will be converted into a museum, because it has already been purchased for that purpose by the Canadian Government.

We peer about in the darkness of its musty interior, discovering niches where images of the Holy Family must have stood, and rounded closets where precious relics must have been stored long ago. A spiral staircase leads up to the room where died Father Massé, one of the first Jesuit priests to celebrate Mass in Canada. Everything is dust-covered and neglected—a forlorn monument to the brave men who once lived here.

These Jesuits found but a dismal reception on their arrival at Quebec in 1625. The Calvinist de Caen refused to shelter them at the fort and the townspeople shut their doors on them. They had decided to return to France, when the Récollet friars offered the hospitality of their convent until they could build a home for themselves. But the Jesuits were destined to become a power in Canada. A Jesuit became spiritual adviser to Champlain, and thereafter none

disputed their place in the colony. These priests were among the most daring explorers of early times. Jesuit Missions were established in the heart of the Indian country; a Jesuit, Père Marquette, in company with Louis Joliet, explored the upper and middle sections of the Mississippi River. But they paid a great price for glory. Of the first trio to reach Quebec, two were murdered by the savages they had wished to help, and only Father Massé lived out his life in the more peaceful insecurity of the Mission at Sillery Cove, surrounded by converted Algonquins and inimically unconverted Iroquois.

The air inside the old house is damp and full of reminders of vanished martyrs who once walked through these rooms—of Bréboeuf, Lalement, Daniel, and Jogues. We are glad to go out into the cheerful Canadian sunshine. The taxi and its driver have long since hurried away, so we must walk back to town, guided all the way by the pointed white finger of the church spire on the hilltop. . . .

Quebec has generously remembered her departed heroes. On every public park and square there are monuments to the men who shaped the career of this New World city, so that one may read her story in the list of cherished names.

To the explorer, Cartier, a memorial was a few years ago unveiled—to the founder, Champlain, there is a lofty statue beside the Château, that still extends the welcome of his beloved city to the newcomer. The first settler on Canadian lands, Louis Hébert, lives again atop the pedestal in the City Hall Garden. The first missionaries are well remembered in the monument on the Place d'Armes. Then there are the ecclesiastics, Cardinal Taschereau and Bishop Laval, who keep serene watch over the spiritual welfare of Quebec's citizens, and the warriors, Montcalm and Wolfe, united at last in the graceful shaft that stands in the "Governor's Garden". And the heroes of many wars, who fell on the battlefields of Quebec, or in foreign lands, have all been tendered tributes in everlasting granite.

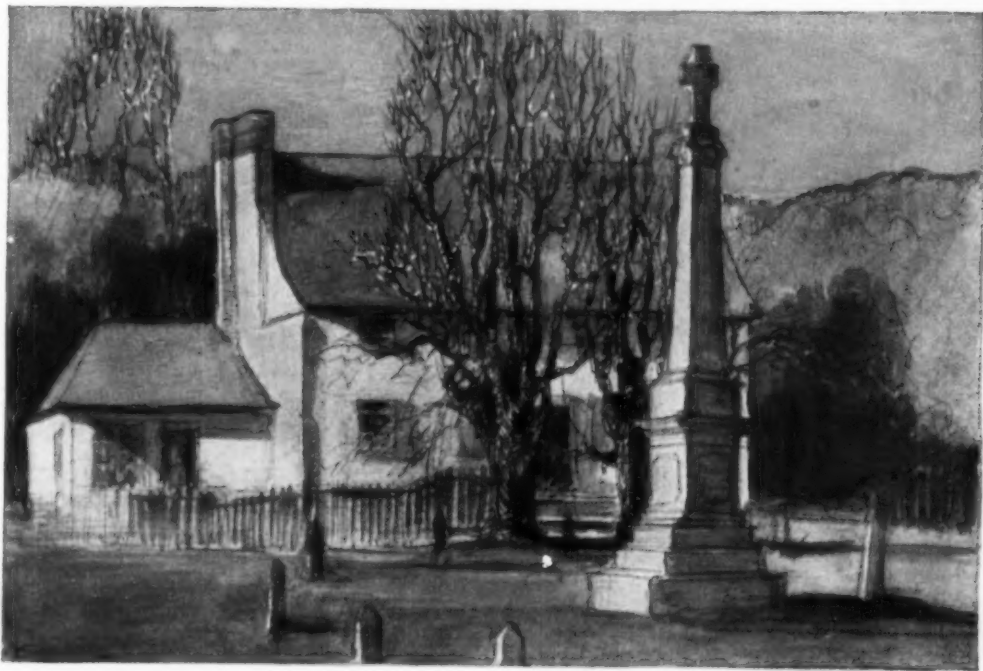
Beyond the city wall, where St. Louis Street changes its name to Grande Allée,



*The Ursuline sisters came to Quebec first in 1639, under the leadership of the heroic Marie de l'Incarnation. Their convent, just off St. Louis Street, is a beautiful and impressive building.*



*Ste. Anne de Beupré—most famous shrine of the New World.*



*The Jesuit Mission at Sillery is now a deserted ruin, but the Jesuits were amongst the most daring explorers of early times.*



*Cap Rouge, a peaceful village a few miles from Quebec, was founded in 1541 by Jacques Cartier as "Charlesburg Royal." But the settlement perished until white men returned to Canada.*

are the Parliament buildings—large, square, and dignified. Here a host of bronze figures have been placed in the niches of its façade, so that explorer, priest, statesman and warrior of the past stand side by side, silent guardians of the law-makers within, while before the entrance a handsome group pays homage to the first landholder of Canada, the red man.

Beneath this brilliant assemblage of splendid memory there is one figure of more humble aspect, known to the French as "Le Pêcheur à la Nigogue"—a sturdy fisherman of the wilderness, holding the "nigogue" in readiness to spear the salmon which may some day leap forth from the waters at his feet. Very few of his tribe remain to-day. The Hurons were doomed to extinction centuries ago, when their alliance with the Algonquins brought down on them all the wrath of the pitiless Iroquois. The warriors of the Five Nations took to the

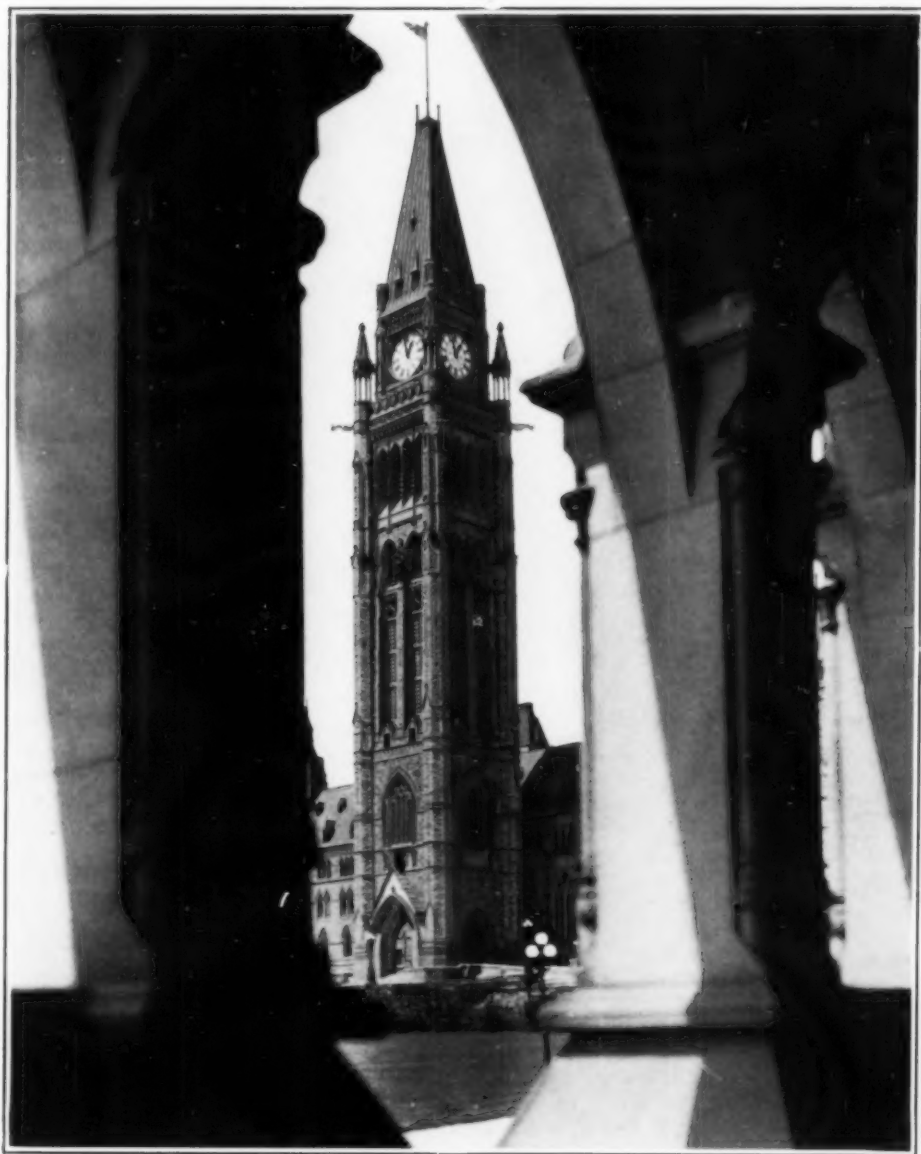
warpath, vowing not to rest till their enemies had been driven from the land. It was an unequal contest; the Hurons were no match for their treacherous foes. Day by day Huron villages were burned to the ground and the entire population massacred. Even the white man's God seemed helpless—priest and neophyte met death at the very doors of their chapels. In the summer of 1650 the remaining fragments of the vanquished tribes migrated to Quebec, and thence to the Island of Orleans where they lived, for a brief interval, in peace. But the vengeance of the Iroquois was not yet complete. Once more they fell upon the shrinking quarry—once more the Hurons fled to Quebec and found safety within the city walls.

The last of the Hurons are now living in the little village of Indian Lorette, making baskets and moccasins in the hopeless resignation of a race destined to vanish from the earth.



Arthur E. Elias

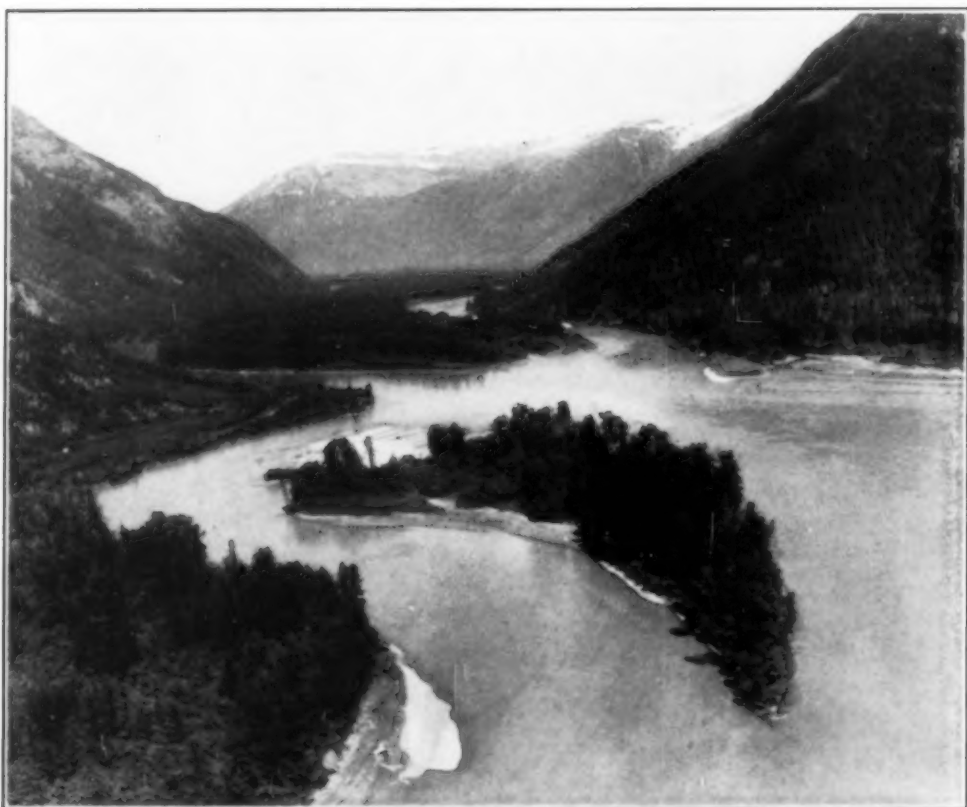
*Quebec at the time of Confederation.*



Photograph made by Still Photographic Division,  
Canadian Government Motion Picture Bureau.

*An unusual view of the Peace Tower of the Canadian Houses of Parliament at Ottawa. The photograph is taken through the entrance of the Governor General's offices, in the East Block of the group of Parliament buildings.*





Royal Canadian Air Force Photograph.

Scenery in the Skeena River  
district. The Setting of "An  
Indian Paradise Lost." » »

## AN INDIAN PARADISE LOST

By MARIUS BARBEAU

**F**EW legends appeal more alluringly to the imagination than those of the Golden Age and the Garden of Eden. Humanity from its cradle has always longed for a land of abundance and beauty, and has deplored the sin of Adam that brought perennial bliss to an untimely end.

Some native tribes of the North West Coast of Canada also shared in this familiar human fantasy. They still tell of an age when the people had everything to their wish in an earthly paradise.

Game swarmed in the forests, fish in the streams. Birds circled overhead in such numbers that shouting sufficed to bring them down to the cooking pot. And the peaceful villagers basked in the radiance of pristine innocence and enchantment.

This happened long ago, the Indians say, in the prairie of Temlaham, the Good-land of yore.

The site of this Indian paradise could no longer be remembered. It might be lost to posterity, like our Eden in the Mesopotamian desert. The wonders of the golden past had known no definite abode, in the path of the setting sun. So we at first believed. Yet, there were reasons to demur. A few coast natives claimed that the prairie of Temlaham still existed for any pil-

grim to behold, that they had themselves once visited its melancholy heights on the banks of the upper Skeena, had contemplated its silent fields of fireweed blossoms as they rippled in the Summer breezes like a purple sea, under the

## MARIUS BARBEAU

is one of a group of younger Canadians, of French and English speech, who are doing fine work for their country. A brilliant student, and a Rhodes Scholar, he took Anthropology at Oxford, and for some years has been adding to our knowledge both of life in his native Province of Quebec and of the manners and customs of tribes in the Far West. He combines the erudition of a scholar with the imagination of a poet. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and already has several books to his credit.



*The site of Temlaham, "The-good-land-of-old", an Indian paradise lost, located below Hazelton, on the Skeena, 175 miles from Prince Rupert on the coast. Beautiful Indian myths narrate the adventures of remote Indian ancestors who once lived here in primordial happiness. But a deluge of snow brought about their dispersion. These legends have been published by the author in his "Downfall of Temlaham." (Except where otherwise stated, all the photographs with this article were taken by the author.)*



*Kwawkakl—Small-rat—a chief of a Wolf clan at Gitwinkul, for many years a resident at Kitwanga on the Skeena and known there under the name of John Larahnits. He is attired as a medicine-man, with the crown of grizzly-bear claws on his head, swan feathers, a bear skin on his back, and the ambelan or dance apron. His skin drum is of the type used in his calling among the interior tribes. The medicine-men still practise their art on the upper Skeena.*

*Haidzems, a medicine-man of the Gitwinkul tribe whose village is situated between the Skeena and the Nass, near a lake. He is also a household chief, whose crest is the Wolf, the emblem of which is on his head—a fine wood-carving. His ancestors migrated south from the Yukon several generations past. In his hand is a medicine-man's magic cane, the figures carved on which are supposed to come to life when the medicine-man performs his treatment over a patient. He explained to the author that being blind from birth, he could not expect to prosper except in mystic arts. He still stands for the ancient traditions of his people.*



*A carved chest representing the Spesaemih or Beaver, a family emblem of some Eagle clans. The incisors are the marks that characterize this crest here. While it belonged to a Gitksan on the upper Skeena, it had been carved on the Nass River about 50 or 60 years ago. It is about five feet wide and made of cedar.*



shadow of the lofty Stekyawden peaks. A few years later, we were guided by Gitksan Indians to the very place where once had thrived the dwellers of Temlaham—two miles below the present town of Hazelton, on the Canadian National Railway line to Prince Rupert. Here had stood the neighbourly villages of Keemelay and Kunradal, on the opposite shores. The people had lived in arcadian friendliness until illicit love one day aroused the wrath of the river spirits, and invited disaster. Keemelay was razed to the ground. The only survivor, the maiden Skawah, became the bride of Sunbeams, a mighty spirit of sky-land, who conveyed her to his Elysian abode. Her semi-divine children descended upon earth one night, amid flashes of lightning. Their lodges, at dawn, shone brightly and stood on the ruins of Keemelay, opposite Kunradal. Heavenly emblems—the Sun, the Stars, the Rainbow, and Bird-of-the-Sky—surmounted their houses like awe-inspiring shafts of light and glory.

The divine mission of the newcomers was to avenge their uncles and punish guilty Kunradal. They raised their earthquake charm, and a peak of Stekyawden (*Rocher déboulé*) crashed down, destroying their enemies to the last. Thus originated the low ridge below Hazelton. They also restored law and custom among the tribes of man, painted their crests in coloured ochres on their house fronts, or carved them on tree trunks, which they planted on the river's edge. These were the first crests and totem poles known among these people; so we are told. And the other families throughout the land, spurred to imita-

tion, chose other emblems as their own; some, the Raven, the Frog, the Hawk; others, the Wolf, the Bear, the Mountain-goat, the Owl or the Eagle.



*A grave in a cemetery of the Hagwelget village of the Carrier, near the canyon of the Bulkley River, a tributary of the Skeena. In the background is seen the eastern peak of Rocher-déboulé, about 6,500 ft. high. These little graves were the fashion in the greater part of the nineteenth century. Their picturesque forms suggest the influence of the Russian occupation on the Alaskan coast, which was the earliest in this part of America.*



*A Gitksan woman—Mrs. Jackson—of the Kisgagas tribe of the Babine tributary of the upper Skeena. This tribe is located about 225 miles from the seacoast, yet forms part of the Tsimshyan nation, whose culture belongs to the West coast. This woman is spinning mountain goat wool in the native style.*

This human race soon relapsed into evil ways, for its ultimate perdition. The tales of their misdeeds and tribulations are varied and almost endless. Barely a few can be mentioned here, most of

which are illustrated on the totem poles. There was a flood once, in the earliest times, even before the blissful era of Temlaham. The Indian canoes were moored to the highest peaks of Stekyawden, and when the waters receded there happened the first dispersal of the families of man throughout the western mountain ranges.

Oblivious of the precept that game should not be slaughtered recklessly, the Temlaham hunters would destroy herds of mountain-goats. Once they spared only a kid for a pet; and even the kid was the butt of ridicule, until rescued by the chief's son. The Mountain Goat spirits resented the injury. Their delegates in human guise invited the people to a feast at their mountain settlement. When the guests were entertained at night in the mysterious lodge, a chasm engulfed them all but the young man who had sheltered the kid out of compassion. Led down the crags of Stekyawden by his pet, this adolescent chief was granted a crest in memory of his kindly deed. He and his heirs to come thereafter would use the Mountain Goat as their family emblem, wherever they settled. Thus to the present day, we see the Mountain Goat represented on several totem poles of the Gitksan tribes of the Skeena River, and of the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Islands.

Other crimes ultimately brought about the downfall of Temlaham and the final dispersion of its villagers. Even the divine Sun was angered at their taunts, and veiled his face behind a cloud, on a bright summer day. "Why don't you laugh with us, Grim-face, while we revel in our orgies?" had exclaimed an impious boy, brandishing the spine of a fresh



*Salmon drying on racks, at Kisgagas, one of the two uppermost villages of the Gitksan. It is later smoked for preservation. Smoked salmon together with ula-chen (candle-fish) grease were the principal foods of the Tsimshyan.*





"Earthquake" (Hlengwah), the Raven head chief of the Kitwanga tribe of the Gitksan, with his head-dress representing the Giladal or Thunder-bird, his principal crest. At the time of the "Skeena River rebellion" (1888) he acted as Indian constable and refused to listen to Kamalmuk's plea to keep the white people out of the country. He wears a Chilkat on his shoulders, a native blanket made at Chilkat (Alaska), such as were used by the highest chiefs in every tribe. In his hand is a bird rattle which chiefs use in their dances to mark the rhythm of their songs. These beautiful carvings were made by the best West coast carvers, on the Nass River.



"Small-heartless-slave-of-the-Tlingit" is the traditional name represented by the mask and costume seen on this picture. It belongs to the family of Woman-rat of the Gitwinkul tribe. It is one of the finest carvings seen on the Skeena and is now owned by the National Museum of Canada. John Larahnitz, the owner of the name, is here represented with a mask, a Chilkat blanket, a cedar-bark ring around his neck, and an ambelan or dance apron, the pendants of which are deer hoofs.



*Port Essington—or Spuksu—at the mouth of the Skeena. It has been a cannery town for many years, but previously was the port that served the Skeena River trade. The Gitsemraelem, a mid-river tribe of the Tsimshyan, now occupy most of the section of the town shown here. In misty weather its panorama is Japanese-like.*



*Furs of the upper Skeena—marten, mink, fisher, ermine, beaver, wolverine, fox and bear. Weeraih—"Big-Wings"—a hunter of an interior Wolf clan, sits on a pile of beaver skins and holds mink skins in his hands. These furs were the property of a fur trader—C. V. Smith, at Hazelton, in 1923.*

salmon, from which he was recklessly eating in the open air. The Sun recoiled in his path, and the seasons turned backwards. The snow fell in July, a deluge of snow. Temlaham vanished out of sight under an avalanche, and many tribesmen perished from cold, hunger and fear. Others dug tunnels under the snow and moved away, till they encountered the milder seasons of the year. They were saved, but Temlaham henceforth remained an awe-inspiring land, abandoned forever. The age of bliss had

tions. Theirs was a wondrous country, abounding in fish, game and wild fruits everywhere. Salmon choked the streams in the early summer; trout, the creeks and lakes. Wild animals teemed in the thickets. Soapberries and huckleberries carpeted the mountain slopes; crabapples, blueberries, saskatoons, *salal* and salmonberries lined the bluffs and the valleys in profusion. Foreign tribes, mostly from the North, envied their fairyland, raided their towns and left behind a trail of fire and blood as they retreated. But



*Guwahtu (Peter John) fishing spring salmon at the Hagwelget Canyon, on the Bulkley River, three miles above Hazelton. This variety of salmon, which grows to a large size, runs past the canyon in June and July. The Gitksan and Carrier Indians catch them at the bottom with long poles to which are fixed detachable hooks. Each platform or station along the canyon is the exclusive and hereditary property of a definite family. Peter John, who was the most interesting of the canyon fishermen, died of what was presumed to be witchcraft, a few years ago.*

come to a close, and the exiles of the Ksan (Skeena) moved up and down the river, to the villages as they are known at the present day: Kitenmaks, the Torch-light-fishing-people (now Hazelton); Kispayaks, the Hiding-place; Citsegyukla (now Skeena Crossing); Kitwanga, the Rabbit-people; Kitsalas, the Canyon-tribes, and others at the headwaters or down the river to the sea-coast.

The Ksan tribes, after the downfall of Temlaham, experienced more tribula-

the Ksan warriors stood their ground, and fearlessly retaliated. And in turn they themselves invaded the preserves of the Tsetsaut (Carriers and Sekanais) to the East, and of the Gitamat on the sea-coast.

This was an age of warfare, wherein conquest or revenge became man's supreme ambitions, and the braves courted fame throughout the land. Telramuk, Hallus, Nairqt and Legyarh are still worshipped as heroes in the memory of the Skeena river people; their deeds



Royal Canadian Air Force Photograph

*At the mouth of the Skeena River.*

are recounted in many a thrilling tale, and not a few totem poles commemorate their adventures.

When besieged, the population often resorted to high crags for shelter or rocky islands in the canyons. These strongholds were called *tahaudzep*, fortresses. A few of them stand in the vicinity of the Canadian National Railway line; that of Kitwanga, two miles north of the present station; of Kitsalas, within a stone's throw.

The *tahaudzep* of Kitwanga was established by Nairqt, the hero, whose career is a tale of spoliation and blood-revenge. Towards the end of his life, about a hundred and fifty years ago, he reinforced this steep pyramidal mound with a stockade and a trap door. Large logs all around the top could be released, to roll down the slopes and crush the oncoming beseigers. Nairqt's victorious resistance to sea-coast invaders is illustrated on four totem poles, three at Kitwanga, and one at Kispayaks. The most recent, at Kitwanga, shows the trap door at the top, the family crest Gilladal—the Thunder-bird—whose curved beak re-

leases lightning; the grizzly-bear armour, which Nairqt had contrived, one of the stockade logs with the flattened bodies of two dead enemies; and, at the bottom, the human figure of the hero or his present-day successor. The large fallen pole under cover, the most ancient in Kitwanga, tells the same tale in more elaborate style; while one of the finest poles at Kispayaks singles out another episode, the earliest in his eventful life, when his widowed mother returned a fugitive from the Queen Charlotte Islands, conveying in her Haida canoe her child and the head of her husband, whom she had slain for revenge.

No less remarkable is the *tahaudzep* of Kitsalas, or, as it is called, the Beaver fortress, in the Canyon of Kitsalas, close to the railway line. Incessantly harried by coast invaders who would ascend the Skeena in dug-outs, the neighbouring tribes settled in the gorges of the canyon, wherein salmon fishing was excellent and resistance against aggression proved most effective. The bitter rivalry between the famous Legyarh, of the sea coast, and Chief Githaun, of Kitsalas,

will not soon be forgotten. It led to a period of warfare and bloodshed. These bold warriors were distant relatives, yet bitter enemies. Both of the Eagle crest, they were kept apart by their towering ambitions and a quarrel over the possession of a prized carving, a head-dress which Githaun secreted in the mountains. Legyarh could never wholly overcome his rival at the canyon, and of little permanent avail to him were his power and audacity, even though he was known to own hundreds of slaves and to be mighty enough to leap from hill to mountain top.

The canyon strongholds, one of each side, were abandoned only about 1880, after a pestilence. Ruins of large communal houses still litter the rocky outcrops; and totem poles, some fallen and others standing, can be seen from the trains. These commemorate the passing of their various owners, who belonged to the crests of the Eagle and Beaver, or those of the Grizzly, the Fireweed, the Dog-salmon and the Bull-head.

Most of this country has now passed into the hands of the white man. Yet it retains unmistakable traces of its earlier occupation and colourful memories of old. Its scenic grandeur and beauty evoke reminiscences of Temlaham, of an earthly paradise, where enchantment belongs not only to the past, but pervades the air on every side. Here Rocher-déboulé recalls the Flood or the wrath of the Mountain Goats when they retaliated against the sinful progeny of Skawah in the vale of the Ksan below. There we skirt the cliffs along the edges

(Continued on page 147)



*A Gitksan girl of the Kisgagas tribe, near the headwaters of the Skeena. Indian girls formerly used to live in seclusion during their period of native training; after this, they were married according to their social standing and they led laborious lives. Things have changed with the coming of the white man in this country, over 50 years ago. The old customs have been abandoned; children go to school a while, but to little benefit; marriage is not prevalent; and many of the younger generation have a police record. Native culture has ceased to exist and the population dwindles.*



*How Indian songs are recorded for keeping—on wax cylinders, with a Standard Edison phonograph. These are numbered, catalogued, and preserved at the National Museum of Canada in Ottawa. About 3,000 Indian songs and 4,000 French-Canadian and English-Canadian melodies are thus conserved at the Museum—probably the largest and most valuable collections of the kind anywhere. The Indian singer on this photograph is Tralahaet (Frank Bolton), a Nass River chief of a leading Eagle clan. The skin drum in his hand is of the type familiar in the northern interior.*





*The totem pole cluster of Gitwinkul, the finest now in existence. These were carved and erected mostly from 30 to 70 years ago. Those in the foreground were carved by Haesemhliyaw, the best carver of the Gitksan nation and one of the outstanding creative artists of the West coast. His work is not merely stylistic and traditional in spirit, but it derives much for a keen characterization of nature. The figures illustrate a family myth of the Wolf owners.*

*Totem poles at the North end of Gitwinkul village. They belong to the Raven clans in this village, and represent family myths and crests. They are fine and elaborate. The figures seen on them are many, among them the Raven, the Frog, the Starfish, the Mawdzek—a mythic Eagle, Crown-of-Claws, the Pearl-bow and others. Two of them in the background are only 10 or 15 years old; the others are from 40 to 60 years of age.*



*Some of the Gitwinkul totem poles, potlatch houses and graves. Gitwinkul is a Gitksan village situated between the Nass and the Skeena on the old Grease Trail, inland. About 30 of the finest totem poles in existence stand in this village, which is the most impressive of the kind. The totem poles in the foreground represent mythic characters in the tradition of a local Wolf family. They were carved by Hlamee, 30 or 40 years ago, and partly painted. Hlamee was a disciple in art of Haesemhliyawn of the same tribe, and his work is inferior to that of his master.*

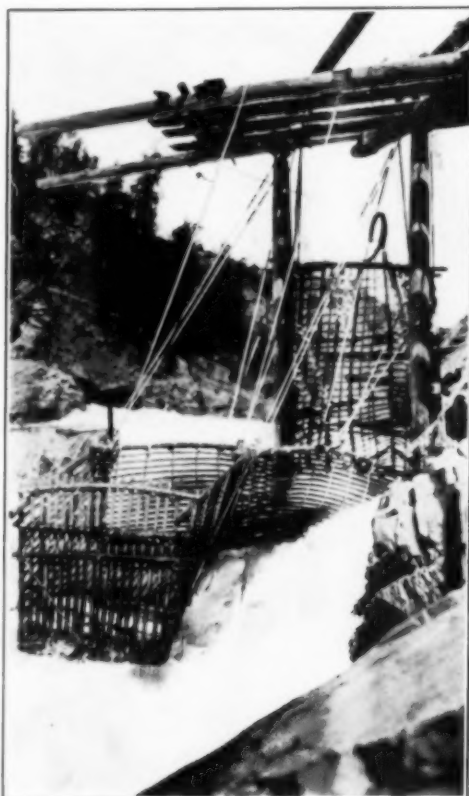


*Two totem poles at Kispayaks—the Hiding-place, a Gitksan village on the upper Skeena. These belong to the family of Kliemlarhae, of the Wolf phratry, and stand in the memory of two successive chiefs of that name, who died about 30 and 50 years ago. The carvings represent family crests belonging to several Wolf families. The small figures around a hole represent a war episode of the past wherein the ancestors, in a raid against their northern enemies, the Tsetsaut, once saw moving shadows at the edge of a lake. These two poles are among the most characteristic of Gitksan plastic art.*

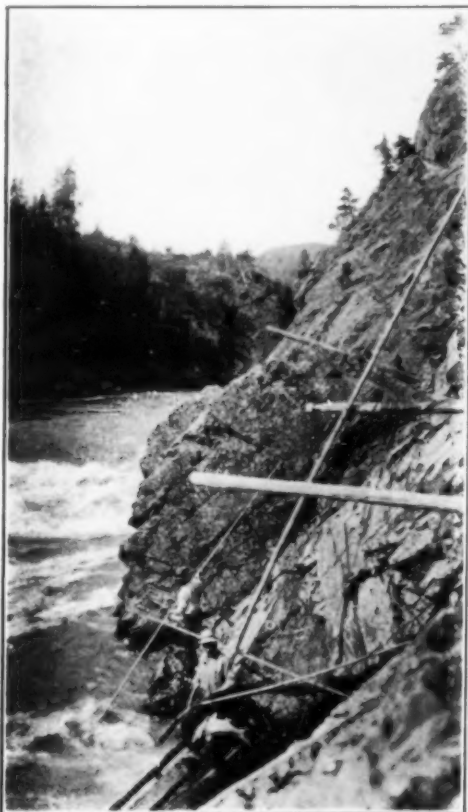


*A basket trap for the sockeye is being set by Giksans on the West side of the Hagwelget canyon. These traps are quite complicated and consist of three parts, the vertical barrier which is set between posts, the long "chute", and the fish basket at the rear. Nowhere else but on the upper Skeena are fish traps like these made. The efficiency of these depends upon the ability of the makers, who are guided by set measurements and a long experience.*

*A basket trap for the sockeye in operation on the Carrier (East) side of the Hagwelget Canyon. This canyon is the frontier between the territories of the Gitskan and the Carriers, and the right to fish salmon there has been an object of dispute for a hundred years past. The Giksans are part of the Tsimshyan nation of village-dwellers, while the Carriers belong to the nomadic Athapaskan stock.*



*Salmon at a cannery of Port Essington, near the mouth of the Skeena. Five varieties of salmon run up the West coast rivers yearly, to spawn and die at the headwaters, hundreds of miles from the sea. These varieties are the spring salmon (white and pink), the sockeye, the humpback, the coho and the dog-salmon. The steel-head—a salmon-trout—also runs up the river, mostly in the autumn. It is feared that before many years the salmon industry may be on the decline, as there are signs already that the rivers of British Columbia are being depleted.*



*A Carrier fisherman—Donald Grey—with a spring salmon caught from his fishing platform at the Hagwelget Canyon. He belongs to the tribe of Beenee, the Carrier seer, who nearly one hundred years ago predicted the coming of the white man, and founded a new religion—pseudo-Christian—that spread to several nations on the North West coast and the interior (see "Beenee," in "Indian Days in the Canadian Rockies.")*



*Hanamuq or Fanny Johnson, of the Gitsegyukla tribe of the Gitksan. She was one of the two principal characters in the episode of the Skeena River rebellion of 1888—and is still a remarkable old woman. While her husband Kamalmuk favoured the coming of the white people and was murdered by a special constable, she stood for the opposing view, and was the cause of the trouble. On her head is the head-dress of the Rainbow, her principal crest, and in her hand a medicine rattle. She wears a Chilkat blanket on her shoulders.*

*Gurhsan, the Gambler, a Fireweed chief of the Gitsegyukla tribe, on the upper Skeena. On his face is the old wooden mask which represents his name. Such name as his was traditional, and passed down the generations. When it was assumed by a new owner he was supposed to represent the ancestor of that name and he appeared so attired in a feast given in his honour. The Fireweed phratry consists of some of the oldest clans on the upper Skeena.*







*A sockeye leaping the rapids in the Hagwelget Canyon of the Bulkley. According to the native tradition, a large block of rock tumbled into the canyon over a hundred years ago, and for a time intercepted the salmon run. The name of "Rocher-déboulé" (or as in current use—"Rocher de boule") has since been given to the high mountain in the neighbourhood.*

*(Continued from page 141)*

of the Bulkley Canyon or those of the Hagwelget, where Indians still harpoon salmon from narrow ledges in the nooks or trap them in fish fences and baskets. And in the Summer, five varieties of salmon, the spring, the sockeye, the coho, the humpback and the dog salmon, in incredible numbers, swim or leap upstream, to spawn in the gravel beds or at the headwaters. Weeskinis, in the neighbourhood of Kitwanga, raises its lofty peaks—now called the Seven Sisters—the highest in the district. And in its shade lingers the modern village of Minskinis (the Holy City, as it was nicknamed), lonesome and half-deserted, where a missionary once waged the battle of saints against native paganism and overflowing iniquity.

Elsewhere, one can marvel at the dark green drapery of a semi-tropical vegetation, consisting of tall cedars, hemlock and pines, or an undergrowth of elders, devil's clubs, wild briars, ferns and In-

dian rhubarb—all indicating the nearness of the North West coast, with fleecy clouds, soft mists, rich blue vistas that bespeak the Orient. Scattered in their midst one beholds at times strange diminutive villages and scattered house-like graves, dedicated to departed souls. The Slavic character of their pointed roofs and rounded domes remind one of the time when the Russians occupied the Alaskan coast and plied their crafts up and down the western sea.

Many of the natives of the Skeena and the West coast still retain some of their native culture, still cling to the activities and pursuits of a former age. They still cherish their trails and the hunt, camp along streams or in the midst of their berry patches. The women carry their young children in bright shawls fastened on their backs, or they scrape pelts stretched on frames, or they crush basketfuls of wild berries into a paste, which they flatten into broad sheets to dry in the sun for winter use. At times in the Summer or the Autumn



*Graves at Gitwinkul, a Gitksan village on the inland Grease Trail from the Skeena northwards to the Nass. The Gitksan formerly incinerated their dead, but under foreign influence began to bury them, in the nineteenth century. This type of grave houses accompanied the change.*

they are seen tramping the trails in fair numbers, as they gather home for festivities, songs and social functions.

But that age is passing away, as the visitor will soon realize. What now survives is but a shadow, a memory. The new generation enlists in large drafts at the canneries and seeks employment for wages, near Prince Rupert and at the estuary of the Skeena or elsewhere.

The totem poles—over a hundred of them on the Skeena—are almost the last here to resist the impact of age, vandalism or indifference. Now they are being preserved by the Department of Indian Affairs of Canada and the Canadian National Railways for a timely lesson; that the past is a valuable asset to a people who wisely nurse the future.



Royal Canadian Air Force photograph.

*The Ontario Provincial Air Service base at Sudbury, from which are operated the forest protection and fire suppression flights.*



JAMES DE MILLE

Born in Saint John, N.B., 1833, was one of the most versatile writers of the Maritime Provinces. He filled in succession the chairs of Classics in Acadia University and History and Rhetoric in Dalhousie University; was familiar with a dozen or more languages ancient and modern; and, in addition to a remarkable text-book on Rhetoric, was the author of more than a score of novels, and books of adventure for boys, as well as verse both grave and gay. His posthumous novel, "A Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder", is a penetrating satire on the worship of wealth, as well as a fascinating romance. The whimsical verses given here, into which he weaves some of the Indian names of New Brunswick rivers, were first published in a Saint John newspaper, and later in one or two anthologies. De Mille died at Halifax in 1880.

## THE MAIDEN OF QUODDY

By JAMES DE MILLE

*Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,  
Shall we seek for communion of souls  
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,  
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?  
Ah, no! in New Brunswick we'll find it—  
A sweetly sequestered nook—  
Where the swift gliding Skoodoowabskooksis  
Unites with the Skoodoowabskook.*

*Meduxnakik's waters are bluer;  
Nepisiguit's pools are more black;  
More green is the bright Oromocto,  
And browner the Petitcodiac.  
But colours more radiant, in Autumn,  
I see when I'm casting my hook,  
In the waves of the Skoodoowabskooksis,  
Or perhaps in the Skoodoowabskook.*

*Let others sing loudly of Saco,  
Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,  
Of Kennebecasis or Quaco,  
Of Miramichi or Buctouche;  
Or boast of the Tobique of Mispec,  
The Musquash or dark Memramcook;  
There's none like the Skoodoowabskooksis  
Excepting the Skoodoowabskook!*

*Think not, though the Ma-ga-gua-da-vic,  
Or Bocabec, pleases the eye;  
Though Chi-put-nec-ti-cook is lovely,  
That to either of these we will fly.  
No! when in love's union we're plighted,  
We'll build our log house by a brook  
Which flows to the Skoodoowabskooksis,  
Where it joins with the Skoodoowabskook.*

*Then never of Wawig or Chamcook  
I'll think having you in my arms;  
We'll reck not of Digdeguash beauties,  
We'll care not for Popelogan's charms,  
But as emblems of union forever  
Upon two fair rivers we'll look;  
While you'll be the Skoodoowabskooksis  
I'll be the Skoodoowabskook.*

*James DeMille*



Photograph by Lafayette

RIGHT HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

*Premier of Canada, whose personal message to Society and Journal appears on opposite page.*

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRIME MINISTER

I have learned with very great interest of the organization of The Canadian Geographical Society, and of the fact that it is to publish a monthly magazine to further its purposes, and particularly to disseminate reliable information as to the vast and varied resources of the Dominion. That is a field that is extraordinarily well worth cultivating. Even well-informed Canadians have only a very imperfect idea of the variety and extent of those resources, and of the part their development is likely to play in the future history of this country; and I have in mind not merely economic resources in minerals, timber, fisheries, agriculture, and the like, but also those resources that mean so much to the health and happiness of a people, national parks and reservations, inspiring mountain scenery, beautiful lakes, rivers and waterfalls, and the opportunities they offer for recreation and the building up of wholesome ideals. I most heartily commend the objects of The Canadian Geographical Society, and wish both it and its magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, every possible success.

*W. L. Mackenzie King*





*The graceful marble bridge that connects the mainland at the Summer Palace with an artificial island. The bridge is a miracle of lightness and grace.*

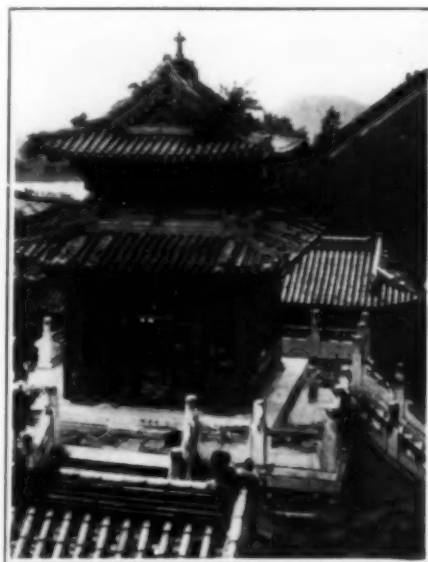
## A FRAGMENT OF CHINA

*By* JOHN STONE

I STOOD on the railway platform at Shanhaikwan, where the Great Wall of China runs down to the sea. A picturesque crowd of Chinese jostled one another good-naturedly around the stands where pedlars with charcoal stoves sold hot roasted chickens at 30 cents, Mexican (about 14 cents in our money), chestnuts, fruit, hot millet porridge, rolls, cakes, and what not. Railway guards with fixed bayonets decorated either end of the platform, while important-looking military officers in grey-green uniforms marched up and down in front of the train, which was half-filled with youthful soldiers on their way down from Mukden to Tientsin or Nanking.

A banner with huge Chinese characters hung over the railway track, and I asked a bystander to interpret it for me. He glanced up at the banner and smiled. "It says", he replied, "Down with Imperialistic Japan!" Now I had lately come from Japan, by way of Korea and Manchuria, and had heard something of the views of the Japanese on China. It would be exceedingly interesting to know what the average Chinese thought of Japan. My companion seemed to be a man of education, probably a well-to-do merchant, and spoke excellent English. Generally speaking, in fact, the educated Chinese speak much bet-

ter English than the corresponding class in Japan, who are almost as bad linguists as ourselves.



*Bronze pavilion in the Summer Palace. This graceful little Temple, built entirely of bronze, was once the scene of the most solemn ceremonies, when the Living Buddha was carried up from the Lama Temple in Peking, and officiated in the presence only of the Emperor and Dowager Empress. The Living Buddha was supposed to be the incarnation of the prophet and founder of Buddhism.*

After breaking the ice with a few polite platitudes, I asked my companion if the banner really represented the views of the Chinese people. He paused for a moment. "In the first place", said he, "you will of course understand that the great mass of the people of China know nothing and care nothing about the outside world, and for them the outside world is not merely Japan; it is, you might say, anything beyond the boundaries of their own town or village. So far as the thinking classes are concerned, very little affection is wasted upon Japan".

"I have been told", I said, "that the Chinese are jealous of Japan because of her remarkable material progress in the last 50 years, and also because Japan has compelled the nations of Europe and America to recognize her as one of the Great Powers, a recognition which they have not extended to China." He seemed to take my frankness in good part, but shook his head. "That is not the real reason. The truth is that we do not trust Japan. To-day Manchuria is of immense importance to China. Millions of our people are dying of starvation in these provinces farther south, who might have lived in comfort in the fertile fields of Manchuria. Chinese are moving north into Manchuria with their families at the rate of about a million a year. When they get there—and you must remember that Manchuria is part of China—they find

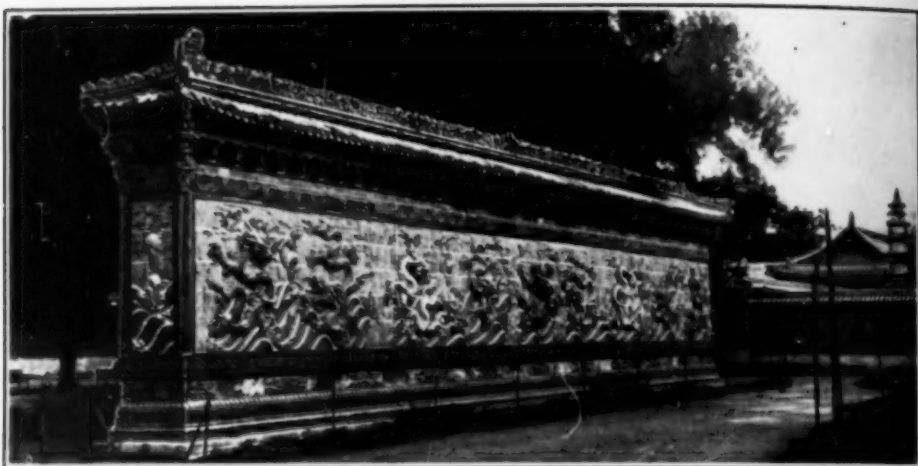


*The bronze Lion at the Lama Temple in Peking. The mellow colour of the bronze, on its intricately-carved white marble base, and the background of living green, form an unforgettable combination.*

the Japanese in control. Japan says she is only interested in the trade of Manchuria, but if that is so why does she maintain there a large army? You



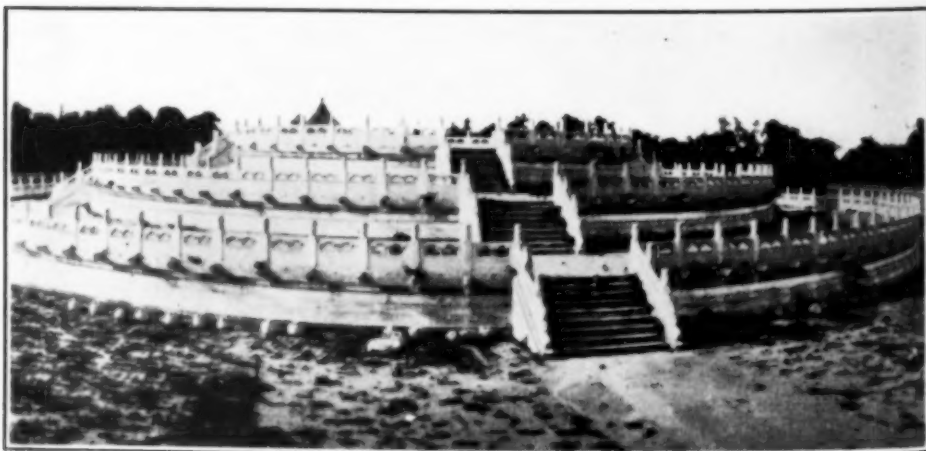
*The Marble Barge in the Summer Palace, built by order of the Dowager Empress, on the shores of the artificial lake. In it the Empress was accustomed to entertain her favourites.*



*The Dragon Screen at the Winter Palace in Peking. It is not easy to realize the impressiveness of this huge monument of richly-carved marble and bronze, upon which the hand of time seems to have made no impression.*



*Street scene in Seoul, capital of the Hermit Kingdom of Korea, now a dependency of Japan. The combination of electric lights, telegraph lines and tramcars, with ancient buildings, ox-carts, quaint costumes and very Oriental smells, is characteristic of life to-day in Japan, Korea and China. Our route to China lay through Korea and Southern Manchuria.*



*The white marble Altar of Heaven, where once a year the Emperor was accustomed to perform the offices of his religion.*

say you are a Canadian. I know something about Canada. It is true, is it not, that the Americans have hundreds of millions of dollars invested in your country? Do they therefore argue, as do the Japanese in the case of Manchuria, that they must send a huge standing army into your country to protect their investments? How would you like it if they did? No, we do not trust the Japanese, and therefore we do not like them."

Manchuria is much too involved a problem for a mere traveller to discuss, or even to understand. I had heard the other side of the question presented very ably and convincingly in Japan, and probably the truth lies, as it so often does, somewhere between the opposing contentions. Japan also needs, and needs badly, an outlet for her surplus population, and almost the only practicable outlet is Manchuria. It would be a good thing for both China and Japan, and indirectly for the rest of the world—for nowadays the world has become so small that you and I are affected even by something that happens as far away as in Manchuria—if they could come to a friendly understanding in this matter, for there is room for both in this comfortable land, and food for all.

The night before my travelling companion and I had struggled onto the Peking Express at Mukden, with the help of the efficient agent of the Japanese Tourist Bureau and a couple of Chinese porters. We had just managed to stow our luggage, when three very excited Chinese officials, apparently the Train Conductor, a Guard and the Car Porter, burst into the compartment and shouted at us in chorus and in the wildest excitement. We discovered after a while that they were merely asking us if all our luggage had arrived, and if we were quite comfortable and satisfied. Meanwhile a crowd of Chinese surged up and down the corridor clamoring for compartments, and we found it wise to lock the door of the one we had been lucky enough to secure.

Having just come up through Korea on the Japanese railway, it was interesting and amusing to study the contrast between the quiet efficiency of the Japanese service and the neatness and



*Ancient pagoda in the heart of Seoul. The three top storeys are missing. We are told that the Japanese, when they captured the capital, intended to remove the pagoda to Japan, and took down the upper stories, but found the task so formidable that it was abandoned. The Koreans in the foreground are wearing the white cotton gowns and voluminous trousers that for many years were the universal dress. One also wears the black horsehair hat that, perched on top of the head, gives the Korean the appearance of stepping out of a burlesque.*

cleanliness of their trains, and the noise and dirt that seem inseparable from a Chinese train. This Mukden-Peiping Express (Peiping is the new name for Peking) is supposed to be one of the best of the Chinese trains, but the outside of the cars reminds one of a shabby freight car, and the inside is extremely down-at-heel.

Nevertheless, one feels much more at home with the smiling, inefficient Chinese porters, to whom their railway evidently is still a charming though neglected toy, than with the Japanese. The Chinese seem to meet you more as man to man than the Japs. There is none of the rather artificial bowing and drawing in of the breath and "Excuse!" that one





*Cloud Tower Temple in the Summer Palace, near Peking. This glorious temple crowns the summit of a series of buildings, stairways and terraces, that climb up and up from the shores of the beautiful artificial lake.*

associates with the railways of Japan. On the other hand, as soon as the Chinese train had jolted off on its 24-hour journey to the ancient capital, our fat and rather dirty porter came smilingly to the compartment with a pot of steaming hot tea, and a hot wet towel

to wipe the dust of Mukden from our faces and hands. The towel was only moderately clean, but the intention was charming.

The Peiping Express ambled along through the night, like a decrepit but still willing cab-horse, with long stops



*The Imperial World Temple. Outside the wall is a splendid grove of ancient trees, once a retreat for the Imperial Court.*





*Main Gateway to the Manchu Tombs, a few miles out of Mukden. A short distance from the Tombs is the country house of Chang Hsueh-liang, known as the Young Marshal, who succeeded to the command of the Manchurian armies on the tragic death of his father. It is significant of the times and the place that Chang Hsueh-liang's home is surrounded by an electrified wire fence, and that when he plays golf, a game of which he is particularly fond, a regiment of soldiers surrounds the course, and is ordered off duty when the Marshal holes out on the eighteenth.*

at each station. The arrangement of the berths in the compartment was unusual, the lower one being at right angles to the window, and the upper hanging

from ropes across the window. We matched Mexican dollars to see who was to get which, and I drew the upper, climbing up into it in some trepidation,



*The magnificent inner gateway to the Manchu Tombs. The marble slope leading up to the gateway, here as in the approaches to all of the Imperial buildings, is divided into three sections, the two outer ones for the rest of mankind, the centre, which is richly carved with dragons and other Imperial emblems for the Emperor alone.*

and with many anxious glances at the ancient ropes. The sheets and pillow seemed tolerably clean, but the one thin blanket looked as if it had been used to wipe the floor. I dozed through the night, waking from time to time as we stopped at a station, to watch the pur-



*The great bronze Incense Burner in front of the Lama Temple in Peking. The figure in the background will give some idea of its size.*

veyors of apples and persimmons, hard-boiled eggs and roasted chestnuts, shouting their way up and down the platform, a gaily coloured and lighted paper lantern hanging from each man's basket. The effect was extraordinarily pleasing.

All day we travelled through China—a mere fragment of it on the map—at a comfortable jog-trot that left one ample opportunity to enjoy the scenery. It was the middle of November and the countryside was not at its best. We rode through interminable miles of flat grey country, dust grey, its monotony relieved only by groups of conical mounds, and these did not add much to the gaiety of the scene when we learned that they were Chinese graves. There must have been millions of them, and their ceaseless succession somehow seemed to bring home to one, more than anything else, the almost incredible population of this ancient land.

Here and there, but not any too often, the dull landscape was relieved by clumps of trees, whose regularity suggested reforestation. If I have made you realize the dreariness of the background, you will understand the thrill we got from the picture of a countryman in a brilliant red tunic driving a donkey with panniers overflowing with rosy apples. Even half a dozen lean, ebony pigs scampering down a hillside pursued by children in yellow jumpers had power to stir one's emotions; and there remains with me still a charming glimpse of men in blue smocks gathering faggots in a silvery wood, and another of golden corn drying on a rich brown roof.



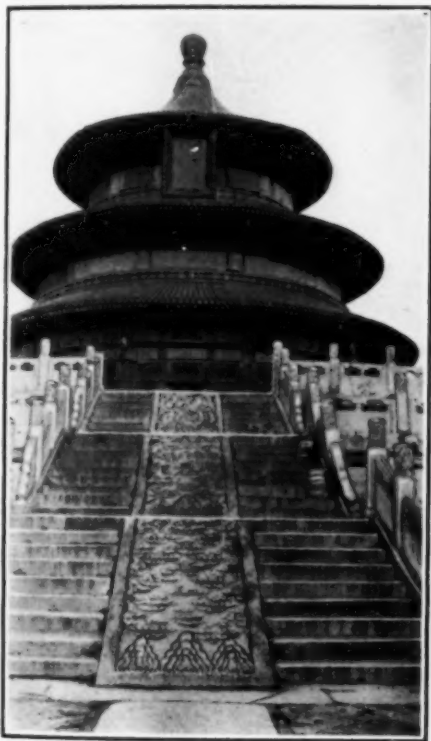
*Detail of the magnificent bronze carving on the wall of the third or innermost gateway to the Manchu Tombs, representing the Imperial Dragon.*

For hours we travelled along the shores of the Liaotung Gulf, passing through a succession of small towns and villages. There was a hint of frost in the air, and when the genial porter opened the door of the compartment

and pointing at the open window exclaimed, "Pea tol!", we naturally thought he was trying to say "Pretty cold", until I glanced at the name of the station at which we were stopping and read "Pei Tao". It is one of many indications that English is rapidly becoming the second tongue of Asia that the names of railway stations both in China and Japan are printed both in their own characters and in English.

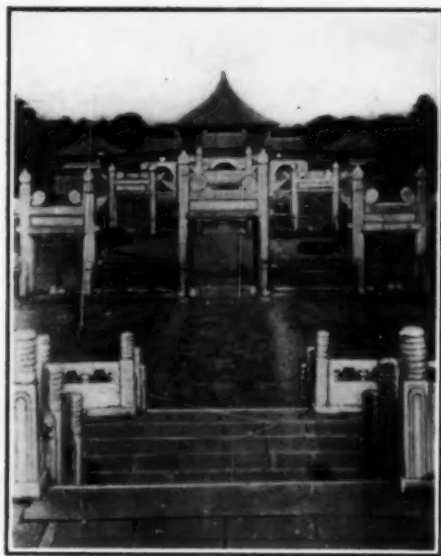
One should not, I suppose, keep harping on anything so gruesome as Chinese graves, but you will not have a picture of the Chinese landscape unless you visualize it as breaking out everywhere

had been too preoccupied with more pressing matters to remove this last survival of the Empire, or perhaps the Nationalists refused even in this way to recognize one of the customs of the old regime. The latter theory opens up quite awful possibilities. One pictures



*The Temple of Heaven, on the outskirts of Peking, with its triple roofs of blue tiles, emblematic of the sky, offers a curious contrast to the prevailing Imperial yellow. The finely-carved marble slope up which the Emperor was carried is seen in the foreground.*

in clusters of mortuary mounds—for all the world as though the land were afflicted with boils. We were told that the immemorial custom had been to level off the mounds at each change of dynasty. Apparently Republican China



*Approach to the Imperial World Temple, not far from the Temple of Heaven.*

the Chinese landscape of a hundred years hence as being no longer level country interspersed with groups of mounds, but a continuous succession of graves from horizon to horizon.

Enough of this cheerless topic. We crossed one of the many canals of China, and had a fleeting glimpse of sampans with huge square sails going with the wind in one direction, and others being pulled in the opposite direction by coolies on a towing path. Emerging from under the railway bridge were two boats travelling side by side, with one immense sail across both decks, and two men as auxiliary power on the path. The boat was loaded high with baled hay. Man power is very cheap in China. Labour-saving machinery is seldom seen, even in primitive form, and one constantly sees men cultivating the land with spades instead of with ploughs. And yet the Chinese have their own original ideas in machinery. We watched for some time the odd movements of a kind of merry-go-round



*The Pavilion of Ceremonies in the Forbidden City. Just behind it is the wall that surrounds the Forbidden City.*

windmill, equipped with four square sails, each of which caught the wind as it reached a certain point.

Tiffin in the restaurant car emphasized the different ways of east and west. Opposite us were a group of Chinese, eating with chop-sticks from a series of little bowls. I have never ceased to

wonder at the nonchalant skill with which Chinese and Japanese convey semi-liquid food to their mouths with chop-sticks. Our own luncheon consisted of soup, prawns, curried chicken, a pudding and coffee, all excellent — the Chinese are much better cooks than the Japanese—and all for \$1.50 Mex., or



*One of the most impressive buildings in the Summer Palace is the half-mile Gallery, a marvellous example of carved woodwork, lacquer and painting, which once protected the Imperial Court from rain or sun.*



about 70 cents in our money. A quart bottle of German beer cost 15 cents more.

The Chinese currency is confusing. The Yuan or Mexican dollar is known as Big Money, and the smaller silver and copper currency as Small Money. The Maon, 10 cents Mex., as well as all the smaller stuff, is depreciated, and you should get 12 or 13 to the dollar, but everyone tries to short-change you, and smilingly pays over the difference if detected. Paper money is even more puzzling. Bills of a few of the larger banks are good everywhere, but for the

never seen Peking, and their father was taking them there on a visit. They came from Burma, where their father owned tin mines. He had gone to an English school there. The girls had very little English, and were shy.

The line to Peking runs for miles through country as flat as a billiard table; rich black soil, every foot of it ready for the next rice crop. Out in the heart of it lay a single walled village. Three cranes flew heavily toward the sea.

Darkness had fallen before we reached Peking, and my first knowledge that we



*The dock at Tientsin. From the steamer's deck we watched with interest an ancient Chinese crawl into a packing-case standing on its side, and proceed nonchalantly to strip his clothing and examine it for troublesome insects. Tientsin is the present home of the last unfortunate occupant of the Imperial throne of China.*

most part Mukden bills are good only in Mukden, Peking bills in Peking, and Shanghai bills in Shanghai. Also the country is flooded with the currency of dead or discredited banks. Altogether one must keep one's eyes open in China.

Late in the afternoon we reached Tientsin, and turned inland to Peking. A Chinese lad and his two sisters had been put into our compartment, as the car was crowded. They chattered excitedly among themselves, and presently the boy turned to me and asked a question in very good English. Had I ever been in Peking? I had not, but said I supposed he knew the great city. His eyes danced. No, he and his sisters had

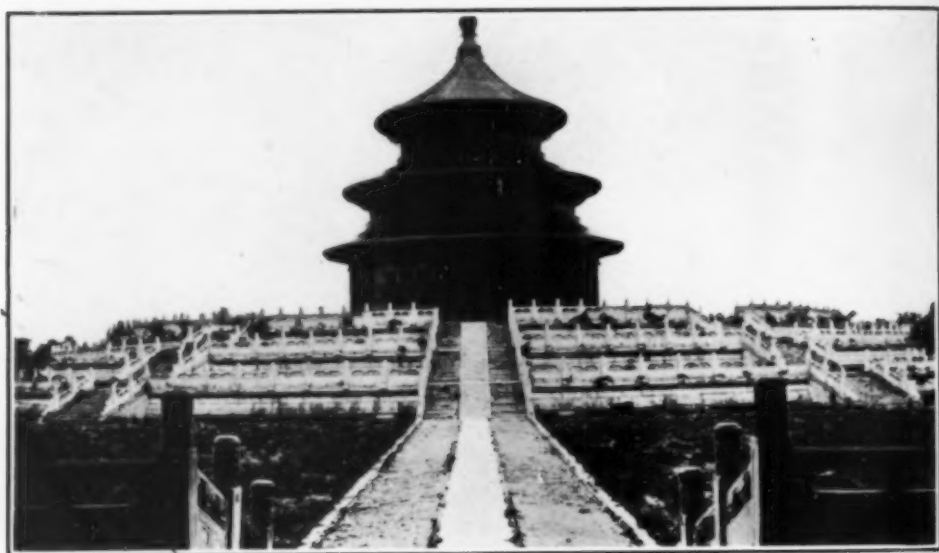
were there came when a deeper blackness sprang up suddenly beside us out of the night, and I heard someone behind me murmur "The Tartar Wall". We were rushing along beside one of the walls of Peking, and a few minutes later were within the Manchu City. The Nationalists have abandoned Peking, or Peiping, and have made Nanking their capital, but the veneration of the Chinese for this home of their Emperors for a thousand years is too deep-seated to be killed by a proclamation. Time and again rival factions have fought outside the walls, but always they have spared the city. The practice was for the army in possession to come out and decide the



issue with their opponents; then the victors would send seasoned troops into the city to preserve order and prevent looting. It remained for the troops of "civilized" countries to destroy and loot priceless treasures in the Forbidden City and the Summer Palace.

At the comfortable hotel where we spent the night, my friend and I learned to our consternation that we must cut short our stay in Peking. It was very doubtful if we could get through to Shanghai by rail, and as the only alternative was to take a coasting steamer from Tientsin, and we must reach

Forbidden City, the Winter Palace and the Lama Temple; and spent the evening wandering about the streets, particularly in what is known as the Thieves' Market. The Summer Palace, upon which the Dowager Empress lavished the millions raised for a Chinese Navy, is to-day a silent and neglected place, still a magnificent masterpiece but with the exquisite details of its craftsmanship rapidly falling into decay. As one walked along the covered way—half a mile of lacquer and painting—one thought of the days when the Imperial Court gave animation to these palaces and gardens, when the

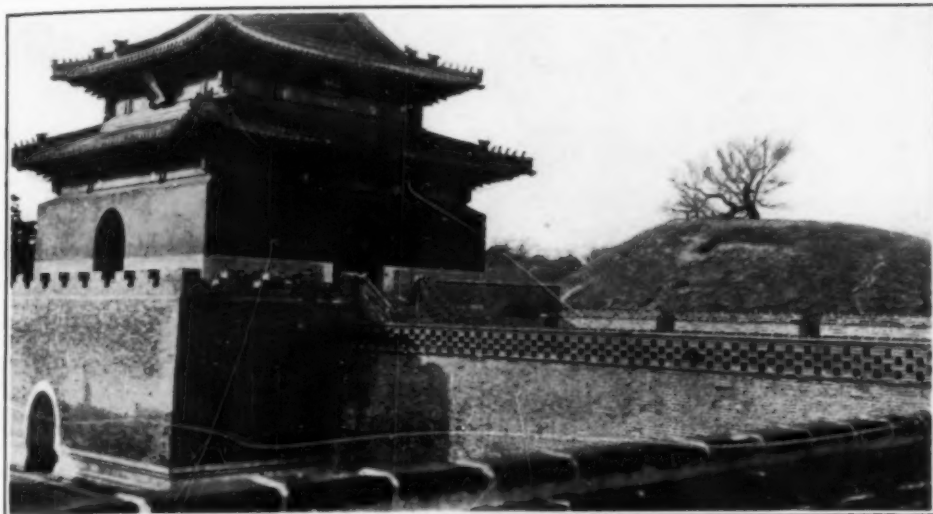


*Another view of the Temple of Heaven, with the white marble terraces leading up to it. The gateway from which the picture was taken is guarded by huge bronze dragons.*

Shanghai on a certain day to catch our steamer to Vancouver, only one day remained to see Peking. We arranged overnight for a competent guide to meet us the following morning with a car, and planned our itinerary so that we might see as much as possible between eight in the morning and dark. The guide proved to be both intelligent and helpful, and we actually did succeed in seeing many of the places and things that remain as unforgettable memories to the traveller whose good fortune it is to visit Peking.

In the morning we drove out to the Summer Palace, then back to the Temple of Heaven; gave the afternoon to the

artificial lake was alive with pleasure craft, when the marble bridge and the marble barge were part of the scenery of a human drama, when richly-clad Mandarins climbed the steps of the artificial mountain to the bronze temple in which the Living Buddha officiated before the Emperor and his masterful mother. The golden roofs of palaces and temples and theatres glitter above what was once probably the world's most marvellous playground, but is to-day filled with the pathos of departed days. As we walked back through the solitary gardens, we passed one other small group of visitors, a Chinese family, father, mother and two small sons. They



*The Manchu Tombs comprise a group of buildings, surrounded by a high wall, upon all of which has been lavished all the resources of Oriental art. The actual tomb, within which lie the remains of several of the Emperors, is the great earth mound in the background, surmounted by an ancient tree. There is something peculiarly impressive in the splendid approach, ending in a sealed door to this unadorned mound of earth.*

were chattering among themselves with great animation, and as we passed one youngster looked at us keenly and tossed a remark to his brother. "What did he say?" I asked the guide. He laughed. "Little difficult to understand them, because they come from another province, Shen-si, and speak different kind of Chinese. But not hard to know what

he say. He remark, 'Look at the foreign devils'. Of course he only mean you don't look like Chinaman."

Peking sprawls over an immense area, twenty-one miles in circumference. In plan it reminds one somewhat of those ingenious nests of boxes the Chinese make with such admirable skill. First there is the Outer or Chinese City, sur-



*One of the glorious Temples in the Forbidden City at Peking. Carved bronze incense burners are set at intervals on the terraces leading up to the Temple.*

rounded by the Chinese Wall; inside this is the Tartar or Manchu City; then the August City; and finally the Holy of Holies, the Forbidden City. Not far from the outer wall is a group of very wonderful buildings. No picture can give any idea of the glory of the blue-tiled roof and golden top of the Temple of Heaven, or of the extraordinary dignity and grace of the white marble Altar of Heaven, where the Emperor came once a year to pray.

And what can one say of the treasures of the Forbidden City, palaces and temples, theatres and museums, each a masterpiece of Oriental art, but showing signs everywhere of present-day neglect.

temper and taste of the Chinese that at a time when rival Generals are maintaining their armies entirely by loot, and bandits garner what the Generals overlook, no one seems to have even thought of raiding the Forbidden City, although the proceeds of one room in that marvellous treasure house would equip a large army.

We drove from the Forbidden City to the Lama Temple, and were so fortunate as to get there as the priests were beginning to chant the prayers. One stalwart monk chanted in the deepest bass I have ever heard, and a group of neophytes responded in a shrill treble. The effect was bizarre. A High Priest in a kind of mitre walked up and down



*Gateways to the Altar of Heaven*

To walk through the museums is to lose all sense of proportion. I remember as a small boy being taken to my first opera, and being overwhelmed with the experience of hearing not one but five great singers the same evening, Melba, Nordica, Scalchi and the two De Reszkes. There is the same sense of bewilderment when one wanders from cases of priceless jade to others of even more priceless porcelain, wall cases filled with artificial flowers made entirely and with amazing skill of precious and semi-precious stones of every conceivable shade, red lacquer screens each worthy to be a king's ransom, pictures with figures in relief, white jade heads and draperies of kingfisher plumage. One small hall was filled with china brought from the old Palace at Mukden, and valued nominally at \$20,000,000. It is a real tribute to the

between rows of low desks on which lay huge volumes of Buddhist prayers. We were given joss sticks to light small candles before the great bronze Buddha, and in return the attendant monk was good enough to bless us with long life.

Of the Thieves Market only very confused memories survive. Both sides of a long street were occupied by picturesque pedlars crying every conceivable kind of ware. We filled our pockets with sandalwood necklaces, Chinese pipes, and what not, and had a thoroughly good time watching the animated struggle of wits between our guide and the pedlars as they haggled over the price of various trifles. A few days later I read in one of the Shanghai newspapers that General Chang Yin-wu, the mayor of Peking, had issued a decree abolishing the Thieves Market.

## A LOOK AT LONDON

By CHARLES W. STOKES

THE difficulty in writing an article about London is not to know where to start—for London, to a writer, is like a mighty, rushing river: to get a drink, you just dip in your little tin cup anywhere—but to simplify London sufficiently to interpret it. For in writing about cities, it has become necessary and the style, these crowded modern days, to "interpret" them—to explain their "keynote", or say what they "mean". Should one, in the course of doing so, utter reasonably interesting epigrams, the greater writer on cities one is supposed to be.

But of London—what is London? Which London should I interpret? Of all the Londons, which the "real" one—is there a real one? For this old, grey, overcrowded, chaotic tenement that sprawls across two sides of an insignificant river is a million Londons, all of which "mean" something different. London to you means this, that or the other—some one particular greatness or meanness of the British race; to me, or to Jack, Bob, Harry or Bill, it doesn't mean anything of the kind. The old city itself has been shaping and building and colouring civilization for a long, long time; to realize this, one has only, in passing Westminster Bridge, to cast a casual eye at the statue of the British queen Boadicea. And down on the Embankment is Cleopatra's Needle; and although, of course, we all know that Cleopatra had nothing to do with London, and that her Needle probably had nothing to do with her, yet that stolen obelisk is so much a part of London that the history which its hieroglyphics conceal might just as well be English as Egyptian.

And London, you must never forget, is changing. It changes remorselessly. It doesn't tear things down before they have had time to get old, as New York does—or run up those "modernistic" abortions of aluminium and glass, as Berlin is beginning to do. It doesn't

and prefers to let things become a little hallowed before it changes them. Just how long a Londoner will put up with things that have become unbearable, just when is the exact moment he discovers that the unbearable has become the intolerable, is a religious mystery; but change things he does. He changes them periodically and regularly, as the human body is supposed, every seven years, to change its skin. The analogy,



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

*A London "Bobby"*

in fact, is very apt, for the process takes place in both cases with everybody looking on and nobody noticing it.

It is left for the visitor, therefore, to point these changes out. The Londoner never sees them; but he from overseas, wandering around after many years' absence, suffers many shocks. The other night, for example, one visitor from



overseas visited a gorgeous apartment block—almost, indeed, the last word in Britain in apartment blocks—that has reared its head within a stone's throw of old-fashioned Baker Street. Baker Street, you will remember, was where Sherlock Holmes lived, whence he used to venture out in his Inverness cape and deerstalker cap, and hail a "growler". London waits a long time making up its mind to rebuild itself—but it goes at it with a vengeance when it does.

Projects now in hand for public improvements, if added together, would make a staggering total. Many of these, undoubtedly, are due to the pressure of unemployment; but Londoners take the total calmly, and hardly give three lines to it in their papers. There is this project, for example, of pulling down Charing Cross Bridge—that gaunt, mid-Victorian eyesore that brings the Southern Railway across the Thames into a grimy, overcrowded station right on the Strand. Aesthetes have agitated passionately for its removal for 50 years, without gaining an inch; but now, when the problem of the enormous traffic in London's narrow streets has grown really acute, the London County Council meets quietly one afternoon, votes for the removal of the railway station to the south side of the river, the demolition of the bridge and the construction of a newer, wider one for vehicular traffic only, and calmly jams through an appropriation of \$62,500,000. And similarly, with all London's hundreds of miles of excellent subway railways, there are two projects at this moment, both of which seem practically assured, to build new "tubes"—and to build a tube, it is said, costs about five million dollars a mile.

If I set out to answer my own question—which London? I shall degenerate into a catalogue of some of the Londons I know, of some of the Londons you

expect. Perhaps, after all, that is the best way, finding space for as many as we can and grouping them into classes.

The London of literature you all cherish—especially the London of "Boz", who, coming as a lad to London like his own *Oliver Twist* (though not by the Great North Road) is peculiarly the city's genius. The wealth which Dickens quarried from London is enormous; and although there are fake Dickens relics enough, and unauthenticated relics, there

are still enough real shrines to draw the true Dickensian for thousands of miles. I belong, for example, to a little club which once a month meets at a little old hotel in the Adelphi which was the original of "Osborne's", where *Pickwick* ended up so happily; and on Doughty Street, preserved as a museum now, there is the veritable house in which most of "*Pickwick*" was written.

But Dickens was not the only one. Did not Will Shakespeare act in his own dramas across at the Globe Theatre in Southwark, which saw the "first nights" of *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Lear*? Did not Doctor Johnson eat beefsteak-and-lark pie at the old Cheshire Cheese, where you can still get the same brand and sit in the chair reputed to have

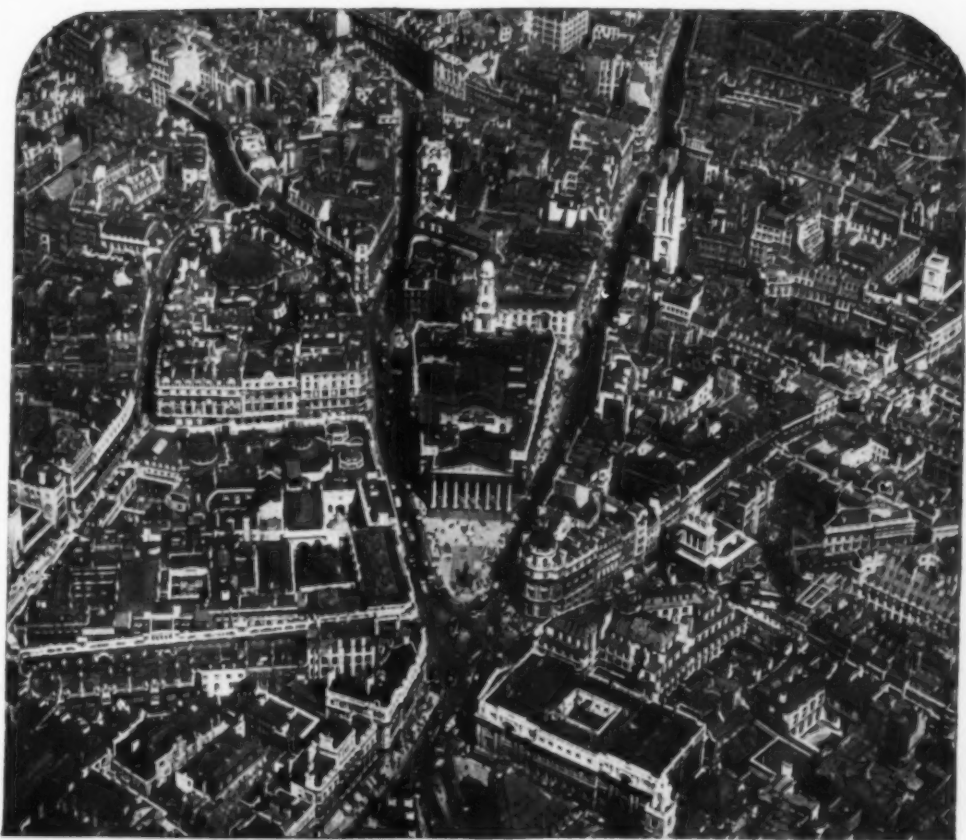
been his favourite? And so on and so on through our most esteemed literature, from St. Clement Dane's, in the Strand, whose parish children still once a year receive gifts of the oranges that, with the "lemons", immortalized this church in a nursery rhyme; to Limehouse, down east, whose Chinatown went round the world as the "*Broken Blossoms*" film, followed later by that still-popular "*Limehouse Blues*". London is so literary even its parks have statues to fictional characters, such as Frampton's statue of "Peter Pan" in Kensington Gardens and Epstein's "*Rima*" (from W. H. Hudson's "*Green Mansions*") in Hyde Park.



CHARLES WILLIAM STOKES

Born, London, England, 1887; educated, Birbeck College, London; engaged in publishing and newspaper business; in England and Canada; frequent contributor to magazines in this country, United States and Great Britain; author of "*Round About the Rockies*", "*Here and There in Montreal*"; Member, Canadian Authors Association; ex-President, Montreal Publicity Association.





Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

*Above, the hub of the city of London. In the centre is the Royal Exchange; to its left is the Bank of England, and facing it the Mansion House (where the Lord Mayor lives).*

*At left: Armistice Day at the Cenotaph.*

*Below: Life Guards on Parade.*



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press



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Photograph, copyright: L.M.S. Railway

*Above: The "Mother of Parliaments", with Westminster Bridge. The House of Commons occupies the right wing near Big Ben, and the House of Lords the left.*

*At left: No. 10 Downing Street, official residence of the Prime Minister.*

*Below: A change of Guard at Buckingham Palace.*



Photograph, C. W. Stokes



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press.

And speaking of those statues—I had really meant to speak of artistic London next, but perhaps public parks are a form of art—London's parks are singularly rich in remarkable war statues. Most of them are individual memorials to famous regiments, largely financed by the latter; they are remarkable partly by their vividness, for their modernistic interpretation of the horrors of war, but chiefly for their size. Some of them are as big as young houses. But apart from them, London's parks are memorable; there are probably hundreds of bigger ones in Canada, the United States, France, or where have you, and much prettier ones—but no more celebrated. Close your eyes, for example, and think of the Embankment Gardens, where the band plays on summer nights, and you sit and watch the barges going downstream and the flashing lights of the whisky advertisement across the river. Or think of St. James's Park, with Buckingham Palace at the end of the vista, with those old houses with the aged brick walls! And Hyde Park, with its "penny chairs", and the soap-box orators hard by the Marble Arch, and Rotten Row, where the King goes horse-back-riding.

Art—history—religion—they are all part of the pageant of London. Those famous galleries, those societies of This-That-and-the-Other Painters, the extraordinary British Museum—you know them all. You know Chelsea, too: Whistler, Sargent and Carlyle lived there; R.A.'s, A.R.A.'s, successful commercial artists, starving hack-artists, still live there, in spite of the encroachment of apartment blocks. Chelsea is not yet a copy of that fake, dissolute Greenwich Village! And so you can wander into the past—to St. James's Palace, the "court" to which ambassadors are always accredited. Drake wasn't born when it was begun; but Naval Conferences are still held at it, and the Prince of Wales lives in part of it.

Or to Temple Bar, now only the name of a telephone exchange, or farther on—past scores of old churches that Sir Christopher Wren built—till you come to the Tower of London. And what memories there! Tower Hill, Traitor's Gate, the Bloody Tower, Henry VIII's wives, Raleigh writing his history of the



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

*A Beefeater at the Tower of London*

world in his dungeon, the Crown Jewels—the memories almost stifle you. The Beefeaters, of course, are still there; possibly they are a little blasé, a little fed up with the foolish tourist, but they still function. They still lock up the Tower every night, still give the password, "Who goes there?" and receive answer, "The Keys"!

St. Paul's was Sir Christopher's masterpiece; it is believed to be cracking because the "tubes" that run under it have caused it to subside, but I imagine it will still be there when you arrive. It has not, of course, the grandeur of Westminster Abbey—that hallowed pile which, as Kipling said to the British Empire, "makes us We". Not far from it is the modern but stately Renaissance-like Westminster Cathedral, seat of the Catholic diocese. And—to pick but four other churches—London to the Catholic means Brompton Oratory; to the "dissenter", the City Temple; and to the readers of the fashionable news, St. Mar-



*Dickens' House in Doughty Street, where *Pickwick* was written.*



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

*This statue by Frampton of Barrie's "Peter Pan" in Kensington Gardens.*

garet's, Westminster, and St. George's, Hanover Square, both frequent visitors to the rotogravure page in connection with weddings.

And yet the pageant is not always the trotting-out of the past. At one end of the parade you see the semi-comical things, such as the Lord Mayor's Show, the Guy Fawkes bonfires on Hampstead Heath, or the enthusiasts who hope to restore the Stuart dynasty and once a year decorate with flowers the statue of the "martyred" King Charles I; at the other end you see the unemployed demonstrations in Trafalgar Square. You see everybody tip his hat—even the pert Cockney bus driver, who goes past it twenty times a day—as he passes the Cenotaph in Whitehall. Somewhere between these two extremes come the Grenadier Guards in their bearskins, the Life Guards in their little sentry boxes, and Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

And what of London of the present—of the future? So rapidly is my space running out that the catalogue is reduced to mere headings, to a jumble of impressions. What should we say of Imperial London—of Whitehall, where clerks in offices file and docket Nigeria, Newfoundland, Fiji, and Mauritius from ten to five, and then trot off to their little suburban homes in Tooting or Shepherd's Bush? Of the "Mother of Parliaments", still the most reported folk-assembly of the world, with the Premier living round the corner at a decayed-looking house called Ten Downing Street? Slums and the "unemployed" and the "dole" come into this Imperial London; so, too, does "the city", where the Bank of England seems to do nothing but sit and put the Bank Rate up and down, with Cheapside running in at one corner and the Lord Mayor's Mansion House kitty-corner-wise.

I like to think, sometimes, of London of the "good eats", of the celebrated restaurants and cafes it has—of the Savoy Hotel, the "Troc", the 'Cri', that foreign quarter Soho, or "Simpsons in the Strand", with its unforgettable saddle of mutton. But London of the streets awaits us—and here one is dumb-founded, not only at the wealth of





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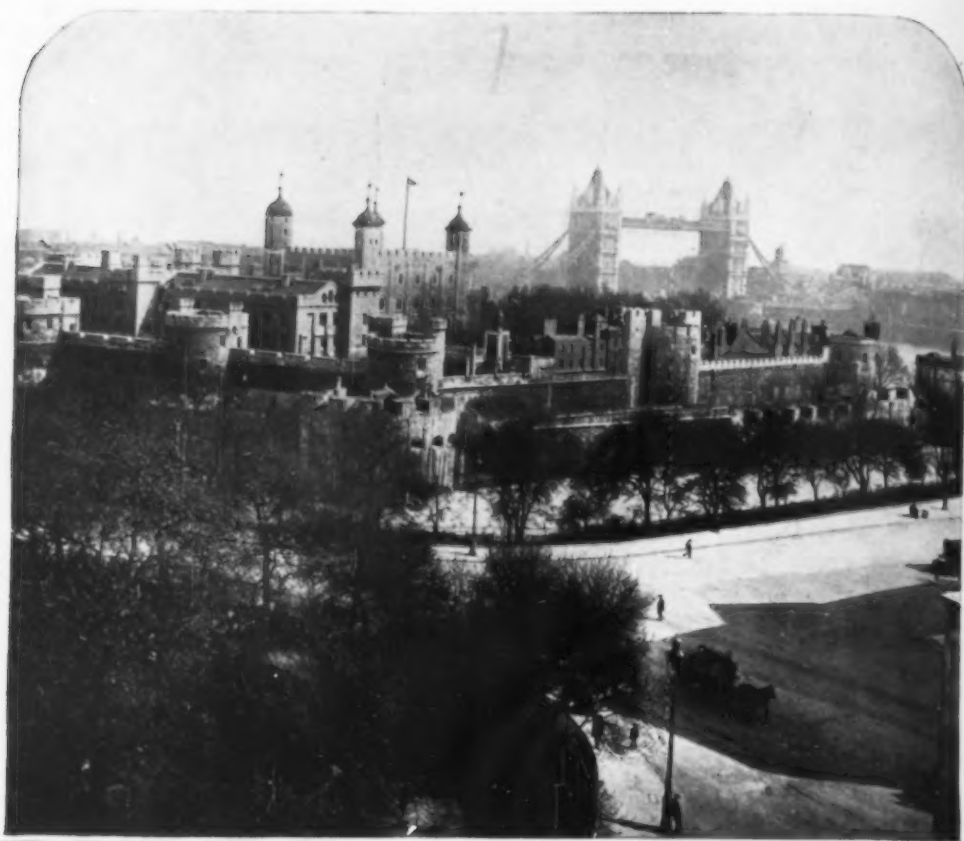
*Top: Piccadilly Circus. The famous statue of Eros has temporarily disappeared during reconstruction, but the old flower women are still there.*

*Left: Fleet Street—with St. Paul's in the background.*

*Upper Right: The Imperial Institute, home of a celebrated Museum and temporarily the headquarters of the University of London.*

*Lower right: Petticoat Lane—or, properly speaking, Middlesex Street—in the East End.*





Photograph, copyright: Photocrom  
*Upper: The Tower of London, where—amongst other historic doings—Henry VIII cut off his wives' heads. In the background is the Tower Bridge.*

*Left:—St. Clement Dane's Church, in the Strand—whose bells are in a nursery rhyme. Lower: St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the shadow of Westminster Abbey — famous for Society weddings.*



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

Photograph, Berford Lemere

material, but also at the absurd fondness which millions who have never seen them cherish for those famous thoroughfares. Leicester Square, Drury Lane, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Petticoat Lane, Mile End, Piccadilly, Park Lane—these are more familiar in their mouths, those people who have never trodden their sidewalks, than any household word. And the surprising thing is that when you do see them, they all seem so true—Piccadilly Circus, hemmed in with theatres and music halls, Regent Street, so nobly reconstructed, the clubs along Pall Mall, and even the Strand, which lives up to its celebrated reputation by being nearly always “up” while someone is fixing the drains, gas or whatever it is.

Along these streets thunders the pageant of London. Especially do the motor-busses thunder—those scarlet-and-gold, double-decked juggernauts which pay fealty to no one except the traffic policeman. I could write a whole thousand words about that policeman

alone, who—generally a country boy—handles more traffic in ten minutes than a New York policeman in an hour, and does it not by traffic towers, whistles or flashing lights, but by the wave of a hand—who speaks softly and politely to the erring motorist instead of bawling at him, and stops all Oxford Street to let an old lady cross.

And so you can roam round London, your notebook (like the streets) all higgledy-piggledy. In it you find Christie's—where I am afraid my manuscripts will never be auctioned!—the Albert Hall, the Imperial Institute, the Times—its “Agony Column” perhaps as well known as its editorials—the “London Mercury”, which does not create such a sensation in its own home town as it does abroad, Lloyd's, the Croydon Airdrome, Hampton Court, and Kew. You drop into a “pub” for a “gin and it” or “'arf an' 'arf”, and chat with the blonde barmaid; you drop into a newspaper office in the afternoon and have afternoon tea



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

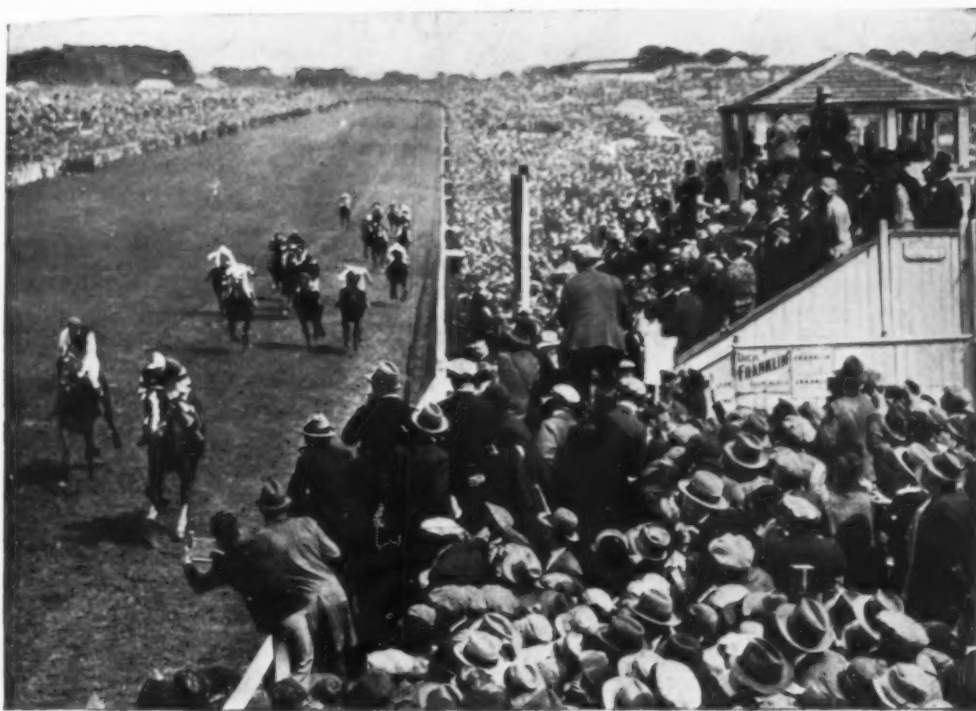
*St. James's Palace—to which ambassadors are always accredited,  
and where the Prince of Wales lives.*



Photograph, copyright: L.M.S. Railway  
*Hampton Court Palace, begun by Cardinal Wolsey.*



Photograph, Bedford Lemere  
*The Heart of the British Empire—Trafalgar Square. On the right is Canada House; between it and the Nelson Column are the Canadian Pacific offices; to the left of the Column is seen the King Edward VII Arch giving entrance to the Mall and St. James's Park.*



Photograph, copyright: Topical Press

*The World's most famous race—the Derby.*

with (ye gods!) the city editor; you wear tails and a white vest when you go out in the evening, not a tuxedo, and many, many thousands of men haven't yet discovered (as per stories abroad) that the top hat is obsolete. At Piccadilly Circus are the old coster flower-women—banished by the police a few years ago, but re-installed because of popular clamour; and you dive down a magnificent "escalator" (all London tube stations have escalators, only this one is orna-

mented with large mural paintings that look like the colour plates in the Ladies' Home Journal) into the fastest and most efficient system of underground transit in the world; and on the carriage doors there is a notice, not "Step lively!" or "Don't Crowd!" but "Please allow passengers to alight before entering".

And much more that I have forgotten, or haven't seen yet. One thing I have entirely forgotten about London, for instance, is to be statistical.



# PREHISTORIC ADVENTURES

## The Work of a Canadian School in France

By SYLVIA SEELEY

**W**HAT and where is the land of Prehistory? If you want to know the answer you should ask our geologist, Dr. Henri Ami. He can show you the way across the seas to the sunny land of France, he can show you what Canada is doing in the land of Prehistory, and tell you of the days when bison, just like our good Canadian bison, roamed over southern France and were hunted for their flesh and hides by primitive man.

Once you get as far as Paris your journey will not be difficult. Choose some fine Summer's evening, and you will find a train waiting to take you all across France to the little town of Les Eyzies in the Dordogne, which is the centre of the land of Prehistory. Do not expect to find sleeping berths or a restaurant car on the train. We are no longer in Canada, so just make your self as comfortable as you can, stretched at ease if you travel in the solitary grandeur of first class, a little cramped by your polite companions if you travel second, while if you travel third you will have companions more and merrier than you bargained for. There is also a fourth class on the French railways. So for the next ten hours you may sleep and trust to luck that you will wake up at the right station, for there is no one to call you and all the stations look exactly alike on that line. But surely the first glory of the June morning will wake you as the sun steals through the Perigordian mists. It is truly a gymnastic feat to climb down safely out of those French

trains, but before you can even land on terra firma, the merriest little Spaniard you ever saw has whisked your bag, be it never so heavy, out of your hand and is running before you across the lumber yard, walnut, of course, to the famous hotel Lesvignes—headquarters for all those who travel to the land of Prehistory. Cocks and hens scutter out of your way as you approach the entrance, and a courteous Greek chef comes forward to offer you the much needed café-au-lait.

While you sit outside at a little iron table, sipping your hot coffee, you can see the splendid limestone rock shelters on either side of the River Vézère before you, and watch the yokes of oxen creaking heavily down the road with their over-laden wagons of ancient Roman pattern. But before you have time to finish, a car draws up at the door, ready to take the leader of Canadian School of Prehistory and his fellow-workers to the scene of their immediate labours. The car is quickly loaded with an odd assortment of belongings. A cheery babble of English, French and American voices may be heard from within the hotel, asking each other if they have visited such and such a cave, and whether it was true that X. had refused 60,000 francs for three Neolithic necklaces of perforated shells, and if that recently discovered skeleton had been purchased by the Chicago museum yet. No one here seems to talk or think of anything but Prehistory. Indeed, why else should they be here?



SYLVIA SEELEY

Sylvia Seeley was born at Sevenoaks, England. Her father, the late Professor H. G. Seeley, F.R.S., was Professor of Geology and Palaeontology in the University of London. She was educated at Queen's College, London, and in 1926 she came to Canada to work for Dr. H. M. Ami, Director of the Canadian School of Prehistory. She has also done prehistoric research work in France, and has visited some of the important prehistoric sites in South Africa.



*The main road at Les Eyziès, with overhanging cliffs showing successive lines of erosion by the floods of the River Vézère, Dordogne, France.*



A keen, business-like man in blue overalls, with intelligent eyes and small black moustache, is lifting some straw-filled sacks and other strange things into the car but room must also be found for three other members of the Canadian School. And now you are really off to visit the site belonging to the Canadian School of Prehistory, and as you drive along under those stately cliffs and follow the windings of the Vézère, Dr. Ami unfolds the whole mystery to you. The Canadian School of Prehistory is the outcome of an endeavour on his part to introduce and establish a knowledge of the earliest history of mankind throughout the universities, museums and schools of Canada.

Who were these simple folk that fought the first battles of civilization for us against the rudest forces of Nature? They wrote no books; perhaps the earliest of them knew no articulate speech, but here in the good soil of France where they lived, and loved, and hunted

and died they have left superabundant and indelible record of their simple industries and arts whereby we may see that through the toilsome centuries all the failures and backslidings are forgotten in the supreme evidence of progress which our humblest forerunners achieved for us.

So far as present knowledge goes, no country in the world bears so much witness to the life of Prehistoric man as France. And in France, the richest district of all is the Dordogne. Here throughout the summer the Prehistorians gather from all parts of the world to find out with-what tools, weapons and arts the human race so triumphantly emerged from its first struggles for existence.

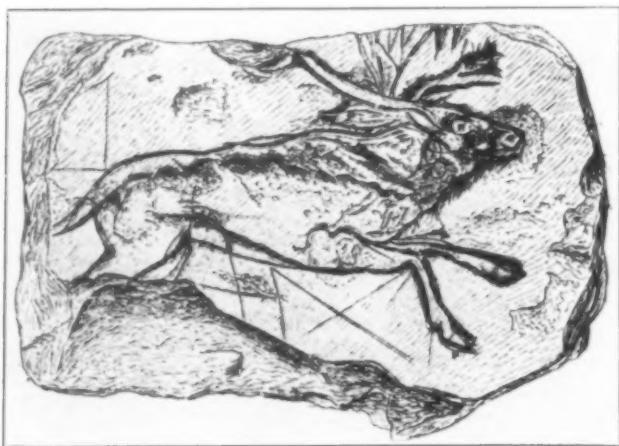
If you would know the manner in which this work is carried on you can accept Dr. Ami's offer to spend the day with us at Combe Capelle and see what happens. Why Combe Capelle?



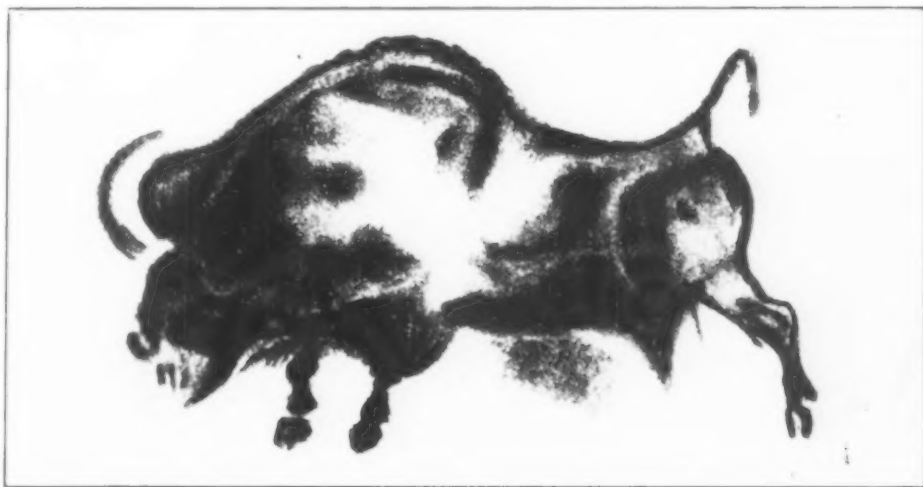
*Washing-up time.*

Dr. Ami is not only a good prehistorian, he is also a good Canadian. He, therefore, applied to the French Government for permission to dig, and carry his finds back to the museums of Canada. France, aware that her treasures in this respect are well nigh inexhaustible, smiled her gracious permission, and the work began at the digging, or Fouille, known as Combe Capelle in the valley of the little river Couze, endless kilometres away from any place that anybody ever heard of.

It is on the road to Montferrand du Perigord that the car at last draws up, apparently nowhere in particular. At a cheery whoop from François, two other workmen, Henri and Pierre, come running down from the Fouille to assist in unpacking the car. Tall, thin, loaves of bread which stand up from the floor like the stalagmites of the local caves, are handed out through the window and thrown on the grass. Then the door is gingerly opened and half a dozen toma-



*Reindeer engraved by a Palaeolithic artist on a piece of schist.*



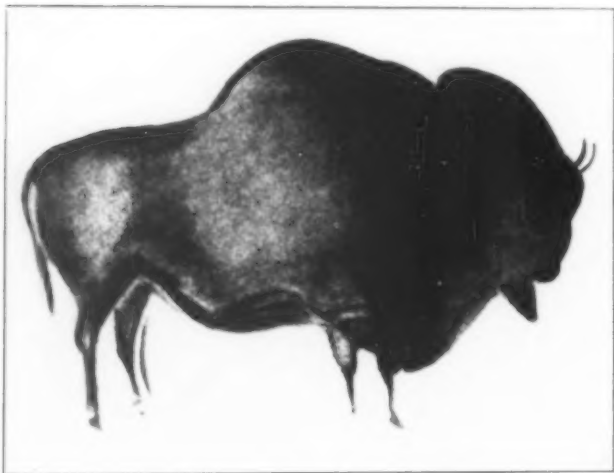
*Prehistoric drawing of a bison discovered on the walls of the cave at Font de Gaume, near Les Eyzies, Dordogne.*

toes make a hurried exit all on their own, followed by Dr. Ami's cane and a pair of canvas boots with rope soles. No matter—the vichy, the enormous basket of salad, the eggs and other fragilities are carefully landed on the grass. Then François can get one leg free and with a cork-screw movement lifts a heavy suitcase off your toes. If you would

make yourself useful you can lift up a large white parcel beside you and in doing so discover that French linen dinner napkins are heavy enough to burst through any paper they are wrapped in. Next a young Rhodes scholar from Canada uncoils six feet of himself, bumps his few odd inches on the roof as he elongates himself out of the car to



*The Vézère river at Les Eyzies. Prehistoric men dwelt along its banks as do the inhabitants of Les Eyzies today.*



*Bison painted in red and black by a prehistoric artist on the walls of the cave of Font de Gaume near Les Eyzies.*

make way for Dr. Ami and his camera. The heavily laden procession then wends its way up an impossible little path to instal itself for the usual week's work at the "Chateau" de Combe Capelle. This consists of a stone cottage whose interior is chiefly occupied by a large and comfortable kitchen, well provided with saucepans, drawers for specimens and books on prehistory. Outside are two or three tents and a glorious view. "Voilà! Nous sommes arrivés", and everybody smiles and looks delighted. Each to his task. Henri, armed with two buckets, trudges off to the nearest water supply, half a mile away. Pierre fixes up

the clothes line whereon Mademoiselle proceeds to air the bedding in the sunshine. Dr. Ami is already to work sorting out flints and wrapping them in paper from the enormous roll of white paper table covers that he brought away from the hotel. François with incredible speed already has the fire going and is preparing the usual mid-day banquet out of the simplest materials.

While waiting for the déjeuner, Dr. Ami will open drawer after drawer to show you his choicest specimens wrought by the crude hand of primitive man in an earnest and laudable endeavour to become less primitive. Here is a blade of



*The Dordogne River.*



*At work in the diggings of Combe Capelle.*

the purest chalcedony just right to fit your grasp and worked to a fine edge. Was it used to slice off a tasty bit of reindeer meat on this very spot, where you soon will be doing just the same as your fellow men before you, and merely substituting veal for reindeer, and steel for chalcedony? The day grows intolerably hot and the flies are a nuisance and you wonder if you will ever feel cool again, and the sound of things sizzling in a frying pan on the stove does not make you feel any cooler. But you have not very long to wait before François calls out "A table, Messieurs," and you are ushered into the *salle-à-manger* of the Chateau de Combe Capelle.

We have appropriated a wood shed for our refectory; the walls are rough stone and on the earthen floor are many bags of flints waiting to be washed and sorted into drawers. A large trestle table is laid for six with a rough wooden bench on either side. Here the Canadian School of Prehistory daily enjoys its well-earned *déjeuner*. We are six in camp. And now you make a seventh at table.

We each take a generous helping of soup which consists largely of vegetables and very thick slices of bread. Hardly is your plate empty before François is

in the kitchen and back again and whisks on to the table a salad wherein the artistic possibilities of tomato, egg, cucumber and radish are explored to the utmost. A landscape gardener could not have arranged a prettier picture and



*Dr. Ami making notes at the end of the day's work.*





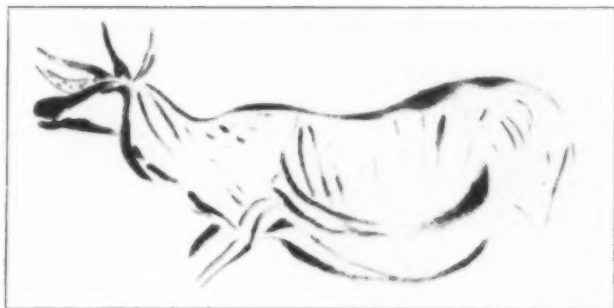
*Modern house built into the overhanging rocks which were once the home of Prehistoric man at Les Eyzies.*

certainly could not have produced a better sauce. A perfect omelette, pommes-de-terres frites, light as fairies, and a delicious stew of veal and fresh mushrooms give us something to think about, while much badinage in patois, French and English, flows round the table.

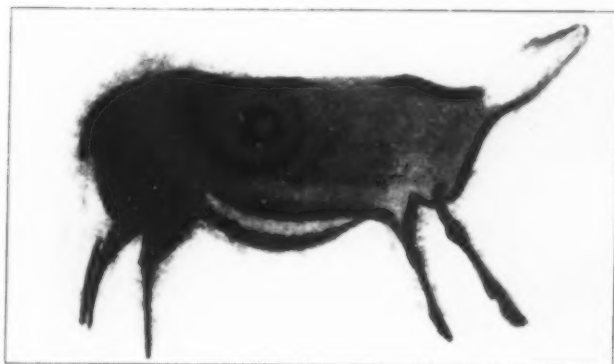
The dishes are all cleared, any remains being tipped smartly on to the plate of little Pierre whose solemn brown eyes are full of earnest longing—longing for the moustache that is so slow in appearing.

The table is quickly cleared and there is just enough water left for François to wash the plates. The others get into their digging clothes—it is really too hot for overalls, and after a brief rest in the shade of the abundant walnuts, we go down to Fouille to start real work. It is but a few minutes walk, and on the way we encounter the inevitable black-garbed lady driving her inevitable flock of geese—potential pâté de foie gras—into the neighbouring field.

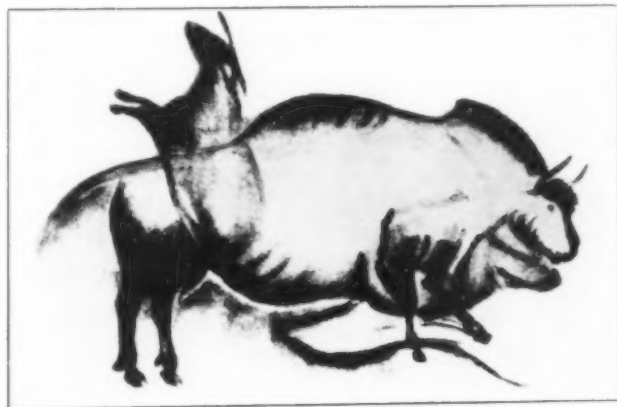
A few yards now brings us to the Fouille de Combe Capelle, where the hillside has been quarried out in a succession of terraces, to search for such tools as the workmen of old left behind them. The nature of the soil varies at different levels, but is mostly a mixture of gravel and clay. The hillside is lightly wooded and above are the usual overhanging grey limestone rocks, while at your feet is the pleasant valley of the little river Couze, and against the skyline stands the ancient and ruined Chateau of Montferrand du Perigord. A pleasanter spot you could hardly choose. François produces a sack filled with straw whereon you may sit or kneel—Henri hands you a grattoir—that is an iron tool about 12 inches long, with a wooden handle, and the business end pointed and bent to a right angle. Here you may sit and scratch for flint tools the livelong day with all the varying luck that accompanies every kind of discovery. Pierre takes a long shovel with which he scoops



*This deer is painted in bright red on the walls of the cave of La Pasiega, Spain.*



*Hind painted in bright red on the walls of the cave of La Pasiega, Spain.*



*Superposition of prehistoric drawings in the cave of Font de Gaume, near Les Eyzies.*

up the used materials into a wheelbarrow and the Rhodes Scholar wheels it away to be thrown on the dump. Dr. Ami takes a pickaxe to remove an impertinent piece of rock that gets in the way, and so the work goes forward quietly, punctuated only by grunts of satisfaction when some beautifully-chiselled piece of flint or jasper is once more clasped in the warm hand of a living workman after a lapse of perhaps 50,000 years. And now in order to find these sure and silent witnesses, we toil just as diligently as the original workmen toiled to make them.

The lives of those early hunters must have been hard, and you may perhaps find traces of the beasts they hunted. Mademoiselle is smiling because she has found several perfectly preserved teeth of a fossil horse and one hoof. With luck you may hit upon a mammoth tooth, or skeleton of a marmot. And if you work a little higher up the hill you may strike a layer of blackened earth full as can be of bone fragments split for the marrow and calcined, a veritable hearth and habitation. Perhaps you have heard that prehistoric man was artistic; and that he made beautiful bone harpoons just like the Esquimaux of to-day. But if you want such things you must go and look for them in far later habitations than these.

If you get cramped at your work, you can always take a turn with pickaxe, shovel, or wheelbarrow, but that is hot work, and the day seems long till the hour comes to pack up the specimens collected, and they are heavy to carry back to the camp. All the tools are left in place, for this is an honest and kindly country.

Is there light enough for one more photograph? Dr. Ami and his camera are never far away. "Stand just in that new part where we have been digging to day", he cries. They say the camera cannot lie, so you will have a pleasant picture of yourself to take home and try and persuade your friends that you really do know something about it. But you must not let them ask you inconvenient questions. So shoulder your bag of flints and wend your way back to the Chateau with the others.

If you want some water to wash the earth from your hands, you can go and fetch it. The spring is only half a mile away which is near enough for most folk. It is clear that one must either always wash, or never wash. The trouble is when you can only sometimes wash.

The trestle table is now carried out of doors that we may sup in the delicious cool of sunset. The valley is utterly peaceful, and the varying rosy lights on the tree tops are good for the soul. Meanwhile, François is occupied with things good for the body. As we take our place around the board, the cows trail home past us going back to byre. They look inquisitively at our table, and will even nibble at the grass growing under it as they amble along chinking their shod hoofs. The ploughman calls "Arriez, arriez" as the end of the furrow is reached, and he too plods homeward with his oxen.

Our carefully labelled bags of flints are stowed in the woodshed ready to be washed next morning. Work for the day is over, and we sit long at table, till the first stars begin to shine through the cloudless sky overhead.



## ❖ Among the New Books ❖

*Air Pioneering in the Arctic. The Two Polar Flights of Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. Part I: The 1925 Flight from Spitzbergen to 88° North. Part II: The First Crossing of the Polar Sea, 1926. Edited and Arranged by Howard Eldred Kershner. New York: National Americana Society, 1929.*

In this splendid volume, with its sumptuous illustrations, the story is told, in a somewhat fragmentary way, of the two notable journeys of Amundsen and Ellsworth in the Arctic. The chief value of this book lies in its pictures. The text throws light upon some minor points of the two expeditions, but the main sources of information are still Amundsen's "First Flight Across the Polar Sea" and "Our Polar Flight".

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*The Voyage of the "Discovery". By Captain Robert F. Scott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. \$3.00.*

*Scott's Last Expedition. With Biographical Introduction by J. M. Barrie. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. \$3.00.*

*The Worst Journey in the World. By Apsley Cherry-Gerard. London: Constable & Company. 1929. 2 vols. \$10.00.*

These extraordinarily interesting records of Antarctic exploration will be reviewed later.

\* \* \*

*The Overland Trail. By Agnes C. Laut. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1929. \$3.50.*

In this very readable book, with its wealth of illustration, Miss Laut tells the story, one of the most romantic and significant in the history of North

America, of the trek of pioneers from the east over the prairies, across the Rockies, and down the valley of the Columbia to the Pacific. This trail of the Covered Waggon was, in quite a real sense, the culmination of the age-long reply to the call of the west. Canada also had her Overland Trail, though on a much smaller scale than that the tale of which is here told. Perhaps some day the Canadian migration will also find its historian.

\* \* \*

*Out of the Crucible. By Hedley A. Chilvers. Toronto: Cassell & Company. 1929.*

This is the story of the discovery of the Witwatersrand Goldfields of South Africa, generally known as the Rand, and what came of that discovery. One learns much of the early days of Johannesburg, of the coming of the railway, the gold rush, the Jameson Raid, and the South African War. Through that drama move such figures as Paul Kruger, Cecil Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Alfred Beit, General Botha, General Smuts and Lord Roberts. The book is illustrated with sixteen drawings by William M. Timlin.

\* \* \*

*The Discovery of Canada. By Lawrence J. Burpee. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers. 1930. \$1.50*

This is a new and enlarged edition of the little book published last year, with additional maps and illustrations. It is designed to put in compact form the fascinating story of the gradually unfolding of the map of Canada; the achievements of the notable group of pathfinders who discovered and explored the three coasts of Canada and its immense interior.

*Flying Gypsies.* By Violette De Sibour.  
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
1930. \$2.50.

This is described as the chronicle of a 10,000-mile air vagabondage. It tells the story, and tells it remarkably well, of a trip by Vicomte Jacques de Sibour and his American wife from England to French Indo-China, by way of France, Spain, the northern coast of Africa, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, India, Burma and Siam. They travelled in their own tiny plane, the "Safari", and had many adventures and misadventures, but reached their destination without crashing. And as if a 10,000-mile flight did not furnish enough excitement, the narrative ends with a tiger hunt in Indo-China.

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*The Black Forest, its People, History and Traditions.* By Christopher Marlowe.  
New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.  
1930. \$2.50.

One could not ask for a better guide to the beauty and romance of the Black Forest than Christopher Marlowe. Before the War this charming bit of Germany was the goal of many a traveller, who found there both rest and recreation. Since then another generation has grown up, and this region of forest and mountain, gorge and waterfall, mediaeval castle and ancient inn, must be introduced once more to the world. One is taken from Freiburg over the mountains to Basle and the Falls of the Rhine, and by many a tortuous road to Heidelberg and Stuttgart, with the aid of a score or more of illustrations and a sketch map.

\* \* \*

*Ships of the Seven Seas.* By Hawthorne Daniel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930.

There is a strong appeal to some of us in books about great cities, old or young; to others in word-pictures of the wide open spaces, far horizons; to still others in the atmosphere of towering mountain peaks; but few of us can resist the lure of the sea. This book, with its very readable text, and its series of admirable

drawings by Francis J. Rigney, is one that will find many readers old and young. One learns from it much about the development of ships and of sails and the fine flowering of the age of sail in the famous clipper ships; also of the evolution of the steamship from small and clumsy beginnings to the gigantic ocean liners of the present day; also about ships of war, ports and port equipment; the art of seamanship and the science of navigation, lighthouses, the designing and construction of ships, and many other things that are worth knowing, and that are told here with a praiseworthy lack of technicality.

\* \* \*

*Wonders of Transport.* By Cyril Hall. London: Blackie & Son. *Treasures of the Earth.* By Cyril Hall. London: Blackie & Son. *A Child's Geography of the World.* By V. M. Hillyer. New York: The Century Company. *The Overseas Empire.* By Lionel W. Lyde and E. M. Butterworth. London: Blackie & Son. *Man on the Earth.* By Lionel W. Lyde. London: Blackie & Son.

Cyril Hall's two books are excellent examples of the way—the altogether fascinating way—the younger generation of to-day are given information. The former tells, with the aid of numerous illustrations, the story of transportation from ancient times to the present day, animal transport, the days of the coach, ships and railways, the automobile, the aeroplane. The other tells in a similarly attractive way the story of mining, and what becomes of the metals, precious and base, that come out of the earth. Mr. Hillyer's book is an attempt to convince the average child that Geography is not the hateful subject he believed it to be. How well he has succeeded may be judged from the comment of one youngster, "I wish there were a hundred more countries in the world that you could tell us about." The book is a companion volume to his "Child's History of the World". Mr. Lyle's "Man on the Earth" is for older boys and girls; as is also the little book he prepared in collaboration with Mr. Butterworth, "The Overseas Empire".



*Saguenay.* By Blodwen Davies. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1930. \$2.00.

The Saginawa, River of Deep Waters, has at last come into its own. From the days of Jacques Cartier, explorers, missionaries, fur-traders, pioneers, and mere travellers, have gone up and down that magnificent thoroughfare, and there are countless references to it in books and magazines and the transactions of learned societies; but now it has a book to itself, a book that has a most charming setting for its very readable text. Merely as an example of Canadian book-making, this is something that should be most warmly commended. It is well printed and bound, and one does not know whether to admire more the three delightful colour prints from paintings by Paul Caron, or the series of dainty sketches by G. A. Cuthbertson.

\* \* \*

*I'm Alone.* By Captain Jack Randell. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1930.

This is something more than Captain Randell's story of the famous incident that is now the subject of international investigation. In fact the *I'm Alone* and her exploits as a rum-runner is merely the peg upon which Randell hangs the adventurous story of his life, from boyhood days in Newfoundland,

through his early voyages as a deep-water sailor, experiences in the South African War, more voyages and promotion to the quarter-deck, dredging on the west coast of Africa, supervising work on the Russian naval base at Reval, chasing submarines in the North Sea, leading a mining expedition in Hudson Bay, and finally matching his wits against those of the U.S. revenue officers. With the help of Meigs O. Frost, Captain Randell tells an interesting story and tells it well.

\* \* \*

*Canada West.* By Frederick Niven. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1930.

To that admirable little series known as the Outward Bound Library has now been added a volume on Western Canada, and no one could have been selected better qualified to act as guide than Fred. Niven. That in fact is what he is, for this is no formal history or guide to the West. Mr. Niven takes us from Winnipeg to Victoria, with excursions into the North country, and, with the aid of his own experiences and what he has gleaned from others and from books, reconstructs the life of the Canadian West as it was yesterday, and shows it to us as it is to-day. The book is both informative and entertaining, and its interest is increased by a series of illustrations by John Innes.



ESTHER BRANN, author and artist of "A Quebec Sketch Book," in this issue, was born in New York. She studied at Cooper Union, National Academy of Design, and the Art Student's League, New York, and the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts, Paris. Miss Brann is also author and illustrator of "Nanette of the Wooden Shoes" (story of a Breton child) and is now working on a volume "Lupe Goes to School" (Spanish story) to be published this Autumn. Besides illustrating her own volumes, Miss Brann has also done the art work for Edna Albert's "Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods," recently published. For the past three years she has taught advertising design at Cooper Union. Her text and pictures in this issue are reproduced by courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, owners of the copyrights.

The colour plates of the Skeena River in this issue are reproduced by courtesy of the Canadian National Railways.



From a painting by F. G. Banting

#### A LONELY OUTPOST IN THE ARCTIC

*The painting is one of a series made on a visit to the Arctic by Dr. F. G. Banting, of Toronto, the discoverer of insulin as a remedy for diabetes. Others of the series appeared in the previous issue of the Journal, with an article by Dr. Banting describing his northern journey.*